THE SUNFLOWER

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AN EXPONENT OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY: ITS SCIENCE, AND ALLIED SUBJECTS

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LEADERS OR BOSSES.

All the trouble and confusion in the past have been caused by having a leader who in time was not only looked up to as a superior being, but worshipped blindly as such, and thus truth taught was overlooked and only a mad worship held full sway, causing endless strife and trouble.

Instead of learning simple truths first taught, it becomes a senseless hobby with foolish people who only see the leader—know him by name only, and know not, or care to know, what all the fuss is about.

It's I am this or that, because the leader stands for it and what it is—true or not, that is too much trouble to find out. People must have something to worship, to keep up the old fad that was started in ignorance; thus ignorance still rules supreme.

When we look at Spiritualism as proving all just what it is, then we need no leader, but, like sensible beings, take hold of it in the right way, ever seeking not only truth, but to understand it, then all is revealed to us. Then we do not only see effects, but know the cause, and know right from wrong, and choose the right way to live, then all hobbies die for the want of simpletons to ride them. Then we learn to live. We are only allowed to exist now by the leaders that they may live. Bossism has ruined life in ages past and must be put a stop to or all wrong conditions will be repeated, gain power and strength and keep on growing. Spiritualism proves what bossism and control can and is doing. It surely is not what we desire. The only right control is self-control. Then only are we a high type of man and fit to live.

How are we any better or higher type of being than an animal if we must be controlled by others? Is it not as a chain to hold us prisoners where another wants us to be? Surely, we are not then free beings, for when I allow another to think for me, tell me what, or not to do, control me and thus make me do as he wants me to do, I only am allowed to exist as long as that other can use me for his purpose, which accounts for sudden and decided changes in the action, or lack of action, of some bodies. When we are allowed to live to suit self, knowing what is best for us, then all will live nearer right than we are now living.

It is not natural to live in a way which will cause us trouble or suffering, but when controlled by others we are apt to get the worst of it. The man who wants to reap the benefit of glory gained only by the help of others cares not who he harms, so he gains what he wants, and foolish people will blindly play servant, that a self-chosen master may live and get all the glory and good results, while the sheep, or servants, of a would-be lord suffer and die in their ignorance.

Mrs. Eddy was chosen to prove that truth. We are now getting both sides of life's story. He created—was the father of it; she mothers it—materializes it, to let us see the simple truth. Mrs. Eddy would not have power or glory if others did not boom her as their leader, or boss. She proves what has been done in the past by others and not noticed—that a belief, called God's religion or not—if once started and helped along by others, will in time become a mighty power for good or evil, but if the leader is only blindly worshipped, not knowing what he or she tried to teach, then it becomes a grand humbug.

Thousands claim Jesus as their God—and know not what he taught. Churchism is made up of think so, and don't know—blind faith in something not understood, and thus the humbug was started in the name of God, called Christian religion. Then the spirit of all is revealed by the manifestations of spiritual mediums. Instead of allowing the spirit or mind of another to control us, and thinking it is right, if not only to prove it can and is being done, we ought to desire self-control and good teachers; then we could choose what is best for us and develop our own soul.

Every soul, spirit and body, is a world; all differ; still, when we learn to attend to our own affairs all will be smooth sailing. Then all will fit in their own places and be a harmonious whole. Then all will attract congenial souls; then there could be no discord and strife, hate and selfishness, as all will naturally desire only the good of all to rule supreme.

Leaders are bosses—and bosses are masters—and where there are masters there are servants and slaves. Thus it creates a low condition, which never was intended by the teachers, but is the effect of ignorance or lack of understanding.

Spiritualism will do a wonderful good when we drop the leader part and the harping on the start, or first cause, of Modern Spiritualism—the Fox sisters story, the raps and peddler—or when the commercial spirit cropped out in a new way as a money-making scheme. Let us drop the bad and accept the good and go on progressing, not only improving on the old way, but changing it entirely for the good of all, thus breaking the fetters that bind us to old conditions:

How grand is life, when rightly lived,
Instead of our soul to a leader give;
Not one can spare even an hour
To give unto another endless power;
How foolish to help others to climb,
That they may gain heights sublime—
While we the beasts of burden are,
And worship our Master from afar.

Poor, foolish mortal, abused slave,
The masters we help do not save
Us from natural effects which we create,
But leave us to our folly and fate.
Alas, too late, the truth we see.
What we are we would not be
If we had known and lived right,
All would have equal might.

Spiritualists, is it not time we proved all things and held fast to the good only by dropping the so-called evil? It will soon die and give the good a chance to live. When we understand, then we do not help the wrong to increase and multiply. What we submit to we help. Then is it not time to help destroy what is not desirable? First of all, destroy the foolishness in our own make-up by desiring understanding, then cultivating self-control, seeking knowledge worth having. Then you are on the right road to gain the truth which will set all free.

When all have equal rights not only to breathe, but live, then there can be no more wars or rumors of wars, as all brute force proves the servants are still as brutes. The lower natures are used to serve the higher ones, which is the cause of sin, for when we deliberately do wrong we sin. Then how can a leader be good when not doing right? Two wrongs do not make one right. If the leader is wrong and the followers are, too, then all is wrong, and time to change into the right way of living. We have leaders and bosses in earth life, also in spirit life. Then is that not the reason why so little has been learned about spirit life?

As knowledge is power, it would upset the old plans to let all know the whole truth. Only a little is given, more ways are invented to mystify people, and there you are for a new way to humbug people with the old stuff, for it surely has been used to stuff the people with for ages. I have noticed for years, if a spirit medium gets too smart and learns of the tricks they lose their spirit guides or controls. That is why they are kept as ignorant as possible and are told only enough to keep them interested in the work, and shown only the beautiful side. But pitch in for yourself to learn the whole truth, then you will attract truths to you, which will reveal all. The changes in life are caused by the leaders seeing the wrong of their way and revealing truths to put a stop to it, but the foolish servants cling to it, and prevent it, and thus the ball goes rolling on by their help. Nothing is dead until forgotten. Others keep us and our hobbies alive, even if we wanted to die. Thus we do more harm than good when attending to the affairs of others. How can it be right?

I hold that the intelligence that made the universe knows enough to run its own affairs better than we do, who are only a small part of its creation. Like infants we make a fuss to run our parent and deserve all the punishment we get to teach us to attend to our own affairs. When we learn that we have sinned we are apt to grieve over it and thus create more wrong, as thoughts travel and affect others, and thus they share the effects of our sin. Better to forget it, and start anew, keeping busy creating good conditions. Thus by our works are we known. To change our ways for better proves we now mean to live as near right as we can. Foolish remorse never proved any thing but our foolishness and natural bent to do wrong. While the foolish worry and grieve the wise improve their time by finding a way to better conditions. Very often a so-called jolly sinner does more good and less harm than the long-faced saint with his wet-blanket nature to make others unhappy.

Prayer keeps us on the level with beggars. God helps those who help themselves in the right way. To desire in a sensible way starts us to gain what we want. When we really know what we want we are very apt to do our best to get it. If it is wrong to take what does not belong to us it also is wrong to be careless, tempting others and submitting to wrong because it is too much trouble to prevent or stop it. No wonder Jesus said, "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone." When we mind our own business we soon learn to know our own faults and failings. Then it's best to cure self first and set a good example for others to follow, not to do and think just as we do, but live to suit themselves, and it will not suit any one to sin when they know its natural effects. The spirit that tells us there is no punishment for sin does not tell the truth. It deceives to trap others into wrong-doing.

People who were born and raised in a certain belief are apt to change very little, even when changing from school to school. Such only change the name of their belief, and keep on in the old rut of a boss somewhere that must be believed in blindly and allowed to control their actions. Instead of paying a preacher to think for them they now hire a medium to tell them what to do. That is why they do not learn simple facts, but accept Spiritualism with all the humbug and evil therein, instead of seeing the truth and accepting the good therein. I find that very few want the absolute truth; that is why they do not get it, as they are apt to get angry when told a truth that does not suit them. They want to be deceived, for lies often suit better, as they may prevent your finding out many things you ought to know, which would show you up in your true color. One that prefers to do wrong through ignorance hates to be shown natural results, not knowing that ignorance is not an excuse for sinning, and the results will be just the same. Thus evil grows through ignorance. Only so-called education will not prevent it.

The whole truth is what we need. Then, knowing the effects, the cause will have no power to tempt us to do wrong. Terrible is the awaking in spirit-life to those who expected to escape natural effects. Our friends help us and tell us all they are allowed. There will be more freedom in every way, more will be revealed, and right will rule supreme in the end.

Kansas City, Mo. C. ELLS.

Do Not Be Over-Confident.

Do not become over-confident to the point of showing off. You may possess superior skill in some ways and when that skill is properly applied you will receive the legitimate results that usually accrue from the proper application of skill. But if you try to exhibit that skill at unseasonable times, thinking that your skill will carry you safely through, you will be disappointed many times through failure. In any department of life we must, if we would succeed, place ourselves in harmony with the success laws governing the manifestations of that particular department of life in which we are working.

LEWIS R. HILLIER.

The Sunflower, $1.00 a year.

Obsession.

Some Spiritualists have very crude and illogical ideas about obsession. The question will never be settled as long as this ignorance exists.

In the articles I have written on the subject I have never really denied anything but that disembodied spirit entities become permanently established in and take complete control of the human body. Impossible for more than one spirit to occupy the body at one time.

All spirit control is obsession.

If you are controlled by a good spirit you are obsessed by a good spirit. If you are controlled by a bad spirit you are obsessed by a bad spirit. Take your choice.

All spirit control is hypnotic control. They control us from the outside of hypnotic suggestion. Telepathy is the highest form of mediumship.

The idea that a disembodied spirit entity can enter my body, take possession, dominate and control my life and actions is absurd. I am only denying now that the spirit gets inside of my body and takes up its quarters. This idea was very prevalent in the time of Jesus. Even he was mistaken on the subject. He thought he could drive, coax or exorcise demons and devils to come out of a man. His ignorant, credulous and unsophisticated followers believed the same. What sane, sensible, educated person of the present day believes that incredible story of the man who was obsessed by a legion of devils, whom Jesus permitted to come out of him and enter the herd of swine?

Such extreme cases of obsession never occur, except among ignorant, half civilized or savage people.

Their emotions and imagination simply get away with them. The fact is they are obsessed by certain ideas or thoughts that become fixed in the memory and the life. This condition may be induced by self-hypnotism, or by thinking too long and deeply on one subject. The way to cure such insane delusions is by suggestion, either auto or otherwise. Think about something else.

Good thoughts will drive out bad thoughts.

You cannot hypnotize people against their will if they will only exercise that will.

Use the full powers of your sovereign will and there is no danger of obsession from any source. If demons and devils do exist in the spirit world, which I think is extremely doubtful, their powers for doing evil are exceedingly limited. There is nothing outside of us that can harm us in the least, unless we permit it.

There is nothing truer in any literature or in any bible than this: "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away and enticed by his own lusts."

We should not blame the poor devils and demons for our mishaps and obsessions. Rather blame our own weak wills, ignorance and want of self-control. The mind controls the body, or should control it. The mind, in its own place and by its own powers, can overcome, transcend, and crush out any pain, any disease, or any evil habit. I have tried it.

Suggestion, suggestion, suggestion! is the sure cure for all cases of obsession or even mild cases of insanity.

Thoughts, truths, ideas are reincarnated, absolutely without limit, forever and forever; disembodied spirits, never!

I know there are demons and devils on earth, depraved, dissolute, savage men, but it is extremely doubtful that they have souls strong enough to survive the death of the body.

Immortality is the "survival of the fittest." Those who are fit to live do live; those who are not fit to live die. Not annihilated, but disorganized, annulled, dissipated, rendered powerless to suffer or enjoy anything.

The Sunflower is not quite so windy—that is, it doesn't blow, bluster and brag quite so much as some Spiritualist papers do, but it keeps on the even tenor of its way, growing brighter, better, broader each weekly issue. It bids fair to become the exponent par excellence of all that is "beautiful, good and true," of the highest, purest and best of Spiritualism.

We need such an ideal journal, whose columns may be the medium by which men and women of genius—mediums—may express their loftiest ideals, and find "fit audience, though few," as

"Deep calleth unto deep,"
Soul unto soul,
Star unto star vibrates light.

O. L. HARVEY.

Fall Not by the Roadside.

Traveler, are you weary? Does the way seem rough and without end? All roads have an ending; the countless examples of life prove this. Do not seek to cast down your burden when it is your duty to struggle onward. How many great achievements would have been made in this world if the faithful did not plod ahead against the greatest odds with unflinching will? Very few great things have been or are done easily.

Therefore, wail not at your burden and lag not on the way. By shirking your present duty you are laying up work and trouble for yourself, for somewhere and sometime you will find the slighted or neglected task return to you tenfold more difficult. Do you question the possibility of a hereafter? Look about you, compare your limitations with the vast scope of the universe and feel ashamed that puny man should question the designs of the Eternal One. Life is not wholly a playtime. It is a solemn duty to live our life according to our highest conceptions of creations; aye, and we should seek constantly that we may become more and more spiritualized and that our ideals may be placed higher and higher as the years are numbered over our heads. Remember, time is according to our education, remembrance and way of looking at life. A long lifetime to us is but a brief spell in eternity. We have our own chances and if we discard the pure and the good in favor of the evil we will find at the time of atonement that we can't turn back, but that we must go forward and suffer according to our misdeeds, that we may fulfill the law of compensation. The question of a hell wherein the damned were supposed to suffer eternal burnings has been discussed pro and con many times and I do not propose to renew the discussion here, but I believe there is a hell. Hell is within the individual's own soul; that is, he who sins. Heaven is also within. Remorse is hell and no fire is more terrible. It is not necessary for a person in spirit to soar upward to find heaven or necessary to plunge downward to reach hell. Certainly, there must be surroundings suitable to both conditions, but the two are within. Heaven and hell are within and we each create our own heaven and hell. The most evil of men suffer remorse. Sinful acts all leave their impress on the mind, and atonement must be made, for the sinful spirit is evil, and evil must be worked out of all things. Perfection is the goal of progress.

PSYCHIC.

The Harvest.

How sad it is to see how many golden hours are wasted by the young. Near the end of life, when the golden locks have turned to gray, and the form once erect and sprightly is bent with the weight of years, will come the harvest of life's golden and vanished hours. Those who have sown to the flesh will reap that which will prove bitter fruit, while those who have sown to the spirit will reap that reward of the blessed, "the peace which passeth understanding."

Character is everything—it is the real. Earthly fame, station, wealth—all are illusive shadows. It profits a man much if he loses the whole world and thereby gains his own soul. Blessed are they who walk in the path, although the way is stony and leading ever onward. Pity is to be bestowed on those who grasp at worldly shadows, thereby losing the grand reality of eternal things.

LEWIS R. HILLIER.

Our mightiest feelings are always those which remain most unspoken.—Kingsley.

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To Foreign Exchanges.

Please change the address of The Sunflower from Lily Dale, N. Y., to Hamburg, N. Y., U. S. A. Some changed the address and have since changed back to Lily Dale again.

CHURCH LOTTERIES.

We receive items that are really advertisements of lottery schemes, in the way of selling numbers on various articles that have been donated to local societies and a drawing to follow. It is hard to discern, with the law against lotteries, how we can publish such matter. It is true that the Postoffice Department has not taken any notice of drawings of that kind that have been conducted by churches or of notice of the same by local papers.

We have tried to avoid mention of such matters, for while no notice may be taken of what is done in this way for the Christian churches, the department seems to be very alert as to what the Sunflower does, and so, if our correspondents find that their lottery affairs are not published they will know one reason of it.

Further than that, if lotteries are wrong, and it is decreed by law that they are, the churches and societies, that claim to be teachers of morality and strict observers of law and order, ought to set a good example by prohibiting lotteries that are used to fill their own coffers.

It is really the queerest anomaly known.

How Did It Happen?

In the late Augustus Hare's Reminiscences is given an account of an experience which befell Sir Thomas Watson, one of the physicians-in-ordinary to Queen Victoria. He had occasion to visit a patient in the far north, and just as the train was about to start a porter put a young lady into the first class compartment in which he was seated. At first he was inclined to be vexed, but the young lady responded so charmingly when he offered her a paper that he determined to be sociable. It soon transpired that the travellers were bound for the same place, the young lady, in fact, was going to be married there on the morrow. After the first stop, just as they were moving off, the girl cried to the doctor to stop the train and declared that she saw her sweetheart on the platform beckoning her to get out. Sir Thomas looked out, but could see nobody. At the next station a similar thing happened. She excitedly exclaimed: "There, there, don't you see him? the young man in the brown ulster, beckoning to me." Again it was too late for her to get out, and again the doctor assured her that she was mistaken. At Crewe she saw the young man again, and as there was a short wait the old physician, seeing that the young lady was much upset, persuaded her to rest for the night at the station hotel. Having arranged matters at the hotel he resumed his seat. A second young lady entered the carriage and took the seat which her predecessor had vacated. Before the train had gone many miles there was a sharp collision; the doctor's heavy case of instruments was pitched violently from the rack upon the head of the young lady and she was killed instantly. Hours, later, when the doctor reached his destination, the first person he saw on the platform was the young man in the brown ulster whom the young lady had described. He had heard by telegraph of the accident and of the death of a young lady, but happily Sir Thomas Watson was able to set his mind at rest as to the girl's safety.

Saw Brother's Spirit.

The following story is not improbable but as no names are given it will have to be taken for what it is worth:

A correspondent of the New York Herald vouches for the truth of the following "true ghost story." The correspondent's brother was one of eleven men missing after the fire which destroyed the wall-paper factory of M. H. Birge & Sons in Buffalo. Remains of what appeared to be eleven corpses were taken from the ruins, all so charred or disfigured as to be unrecognizable. The remains were all interred in one grave in Holy Cross Cemetery. That was in December.

"On the night of March 31," the Herald's correspondent says, "I retired at 10 o'clock. In spirit I had felt very close to my brother that entire evening, so that I lay awake, thinking and repeating over and over a significant little verse he had written on the fly leaf of a much used book of mine:

"Should frowning fate e'er grasp my hand
And lead me far from thee.
Oft call to mind when last we met,
And fondly think of me."

"I was aroused by sounds of trickling water, which seemed so close and loud that I put both hands to my ears to shut out a peculiar drip, drip, drip. I then discovered that the disturbance was caused by unfelt tears that had poured over my cheeks, had filled the hollows of my ears and overflowed in little streams that soaked the pillow around my head and neck.

"I sat upright and looked around. Every object in the room was plainly discernible in the flood of mellow moonlight that poured in through a partly open, uncurtained window near the head of my bed. I looked at the clock. The time was a quarter of 12. I wiped the moisture away, turned the pillow over, lay back and was about to close my eyes when I saw the door open and close behind my brother. As he came toward me I called his name and was about to spring from the bed when he raised his right hand with a gesture that caused me to lean back. In manner and dress he looked just as when last I saw him, but the eyes were dull and hollow, and the facial expression was one of extreme sadness. He spoke my name in a perfectly natural voice and said:

"'Tell mother I am coming back tomorrow. Tell her not to worry any more about me. I am all right. They left me there on the sidewalk all winter, and I look bad, but don't be afraid; there is nothing to fear. I will not trouble you again. Good-bye!'

"Before I could utter a word he had passed through the door, which did not seem to open as when he entered the room.

"With a wildly beating heart I arose from the bed and staggered to the door. It was locked and bolted as I had left it on retiring. Weak from excitement—I was not afraid—I sank into a chair and remained until the painful throbbing of my heart and temples passed over. I decided not to disturb any member of the family, and so I spent the remainder of the night pacing the floor from door to window, watching the full March moon serenely sail down the western sky and counting the lonely hours chimed by the clock in a nearby church steeple.

"I went down early in the morning and proceeded at once to tell my mother what I had seen and heard. She was much affected and brokenly cried:

"'God is good. He may be alive; he may come back again. I can never feel that he is among those I followed to the grave.'

"One member of the family remarked, 'That was a very vivid dream.'

"I asserted that it was no dream.

"My mother grew very restless and called in a neighbor, to whom she repeated what I had told. The woman turned on me and gave vent to her doubts. Nevertheless, she left shortly after and spread the story of my 'queer' dream about the neighborhood.

"At 10 o'clock that morning, a few hours after I had seen my brother, and while the story I told was still being discussed, workmen engaged in removing the bricks and debris came upon a body lying on the stone walk of the Perry street side of the ruined factory. Among the curious that gathered around the body was a next door neighbor of ours, who recognized the body as that of my brother and hastened to notify my mother. We hurried to the scene, but the body had been taken to the morgue, where we followed. After the first wild grief had subsided we called in an undertaker and were about to make arrangements for the burial when two women, mothers of victims of the fire, rushed in and upset our plans for the time being. After looking the body over one stoutly maintained the body was that of her son, who was of about the same age as my brother. Arguments and remnants of clothing which we produced in evidence of our claims were unavailing. She was positive in her belief. My poor mother was on the verge of collapse when the coroner told her he could not allow our undertaker to interfere until identity was proved beyond a doubt.

"Crushed and disappointed, we were about to leave when close to my ear there came a sharply whispered 'Why don't you tell them about my teeth?' Instantly there flashed across my mind something I had entirely forgotten. A few days before his death my brother called my attention to a second row of teeth that had made their appearance in the left upper jaw. I quickly turned to the coroner and told him, describing the teeth and their position as I remembered them. He and the undertaker at once proceeded to find out if the peculiar proof was present. They opened the jaws, and there, just as I described them, was the inner row of teeth. We buried him in the plot with the other victims, for his name, with theirs, was inscribed on the handsome brownstone monument.

"Should you ever have occasion to visit Holy Cross cemetery please ask an attendant to direct you to the Birge fire monument and read the inscription thereon, reading downward. When you reach the ninth name on its eastern face kindly pause a moment, for that name perpetuates the memory of one who came back from the great unknown."

A Priest on Spiritualism.

The London, England, Light publishes the following:

Sunday morning last, at St. Mary's (Catholic) Church, Bayswater, the Rev. Father Miller addressed a congregation numbering not far short of two thousand persons, many of whom had been attracted by handbills. The sermon was about Spiritualism, evidently given under instructions from headquarters, and will be followed by others. It was confined, principally, to an endeavor to prove that those who think that Spiritualism is a negligible thing are mistaken, and that in opposing it the preacher was not 'beating the air' only. He declared that Spiritualism is spreading rapidly everywhere and making inroads into the Church—even into his own flock. This result he attributed to the fact that scientific men in England, America, France, Italy and other countries had been absolutely convinced by the phenomena and evidence brought before them. He paid a high tribute to Dr. A. R. Wallace, whom he regarded as a skillful examiner of evidence. Dr. Wallace, the preacher said, was the first scientific man in this country to investigate Spiritualism, and although he did so with all the prejudices of a materialist, yet he was forced by the facts to surrender his theories and accept the Spiritualist explanation of them.

The attitude of skeptics, usually very unpleasant persons, was unreasonable, and while mentioning that fraud had been practised in the name of Spiritualism, the preacher very fairly admitted that "no one is more alive to this fact than the Spiritualist himself," and that "he is the keenest to oppose and expose such trickery and fraud." But, in Father Miller's view, Spiritualism is an evil and is opposed to historical Christianity, "which has for two thousand years accepted the teaching of the Church as to the divinity of our Lord and the resurrection of the material body, which, with the soul, forms the one individual personality." Between (this) Christianity and Spiritualism, he held that there was opposition, and said: "It is impossible for any person to be a Christian and a Spiritualist"—meaning by Christian "only he who follows the divine Lord and lives according to His precepts." Spiritualists, said the preacher, deny the divinity of "our Lord" and say that he "was a good man—not God—and that there is a resurrection only of the astral body, which is seen when the spirits materialize. They practise the arts of occultism in order to gain knowledge from the spirits, and they ignore the revelations of God as given in the Old Testament," therefore the Church condemned and had even excommunicated such. He believed that the devil had led men into materialism—no God, no spirit, only matter and force—but, finding that there was a strong reaction, that materialism had had its day, he had latterly introduced another error to man, and led him to believe that knowledge of the future life is the one and only thing to satisfy him, and that only those who have passed over can tell him about it, so that he feels that he must get into communication with departed spirits and learn of its nature.

"This new error, blended with his pride, blinds man and makes him embark on inquiries which are beyond his intellect, and leads him further from God." This state of things the Rev. Father deplored, and said that he thought all would be well "if only man would submit to the authority of the Church which Christ left, instead of holding the wretched idea, which was let loose at the Reformation, that man should have his intellect free and work out for himself all that was good in his own interest; but, alas; the emancipation idea, which man is so fond of, still resists the loving voice of God left upon the earth in His Church."

Commenting on the above the editor of Light says: That there is a vast amount of interest in Spiritualism is illustrated once more by the fact that word has gone forth from those in high places in the Roman Catholic Church that it is to be opposed, as well as by the fact that nearly two thousand persons assembled on Sunday morning last to listen to the sermon referred to above, for the summary of which we are indebted to the kindness of a friend who was present.

The Rev. Father Miller does us no more than justice by admitting our hostility to fraud and recognizing the weight of the evidence which proves the reality of spirit intercourse. But on other matters, from our view point, he is behind the times.

Belief in the resurrection of the physical body is dying out, and instead of denying the divinity of Jesus the world is coming to recognize the innate divinity of all men, and that the development of the "God-consciousness" differs in different individuals. The spirit body is not seen when materialized forms appear—only the materialized forms is seen—and if, to be a Christian, one must "live according to the precepts" of Jesus—we feel inclined to ask: Who then is Christian? seeing that those precepts are ignored and disobeyed on all hands (nationally and individually) by professing Christians. But all this is beside the mark. The real point—that of the reality of the facts—is admitted. It is too late in the day to cry "bogey."

There is no likelihood that the tide of progress in knowledge and spiritual emancipation will be rolled back by appealing to fear or by calling in the devil to try to terrorize people into submission to the authority of the Church. It seems to us out of character and keeping for upholders of the spiritual conception of the universe—as against that of the materialist—to reject and condemn the most powerful testimony which has as yet been set before the world in favor of the idea that the true cause of material effects lies in the world of Spirit and that the true Reality is a spiritual Reality.

News from Cleveland.

Cleveland, O., January 16, 1908.

Editor Sunflower:

Sunday, January 26th, I shall conclude a very successful month's engagement with the Ladies' Spiritual Temple Fund Society of Cleveland. This is the third consecutive year that I have filled engagements with this society. It is always a pleasure to speak from the rostrum of their temple, as the conditions supplied a medium are always of the best.

The ladies comprising the membership of this society are indeed energetic and untiring in their labor for the cause of Spiritualism. Mrs. Elizabeth Gray, president, and Mrs. William Prindle, treasurer, with Mr. Carl Sollinger, secretary, are the efficient leaders in the society, and are backed up by a membership that is bound to make the organization a continued success. I am being entertained at the home of Mr. James Bloomfield. Mr. Bloomfield is a medium of fine ability. He and his genial wife make of their home a haven of rest for an interant wanderer like myself.

Sunday, February 2nd, I shall begin a two-months' engagement with the First Association of Spiritualists of Washington, D. C.

With best wishes, I am, fraternally,
OSCAR A. EDGERLY.

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TO FIGHT STATE SCOURGE.

Tuberculosis Experts Start for Albany—Great Gathering January 27th for New Campaign—Unique Methods for Scientific Skirmish Line.

New York, Jan. 18:—To organize in every section of New York State the most scientific campaign against tuberculosis that this country has ever known, experts from every part of the nation are arriving in this city today to attend the convention which will be held in Albany January 27th under the auspices of the State Charities Aid Association. Even in the smaller cities and rural regions of the most healthful portions of the state, they declare, the menace of the great white plague is growing proportionately as fast as in the foulest corners of Hell's Kitchen, Cherry Hill or the Ghetto of this metropolis.

Poverty, suffering, destitution and social demoralization must inevitably follow the spread of this scourge from zone to zone of this most prosperous state, the organizers of the great Albany gathering declare, and before its flourishing communities are visited by a serious measure of its consequences they propose to arouse every person in the Empire State to the need of preventative measures. Governor Hughes and Joseph H. Choate, president of the State Charities organization, will address the Albany meeting with a score of scientists, physicians and men prominent in public life. The co-operation of the State Department of Health has been secured, together with that of the various state executives and local authorities, and support of the wide movement, which the Albany convention will endorse and set into extensive operation, has been pledged by the leaders in the legislature.

County by county, city by city, township by township and village by village, it is being planned to cover every square mile of this state by the workers in the new anti-tuberculosis movement. Already a start has been made along the Mohawk Valley. In Utica the general plan of campaign has been tried during the last three weeks and the results already obtained are said to justify its extension into every section of the state. The educational campaign at Utica was met only by ready sympathy and assistance and to-day, the scientific men declare that city is soon to have a model system of recording and dealing with consumptive cases as well as a model free dispensary as the direct result of the work.

The dairying counties and manufacturing towns will be among the first to receive attention from the advance guard of the tuberculosis fighting forces, according to Homer Folks, secretary of the State Charities Aid Association. The line of march will lead during the coming month from Albany to Troy, Cohoes, Schenectady, and down the shores of the Hudson River. From town to town the exhibits of the organization are to be shown and then moved to the next locality. Following these will come the organizers of local movements who set to work to reach every one in the community, lecturing to and meeting the doctors, laborers, teachers, ministers, nurses and merchants. Often they expect to visit the factories, homes and churches in order to reach every one with their stereopticon display and interesting lecture. When the facts have been most fully shown to the community the co-operation of the local authorities is to be solicited and a local organization formed. In the rural districts special campaigns will be instituted to demonstrate the dangers of infection through milk supply.

Communications from every part of the state are being received at the headquarters of the State Charities Aid Association in this city. They come from persons of every class, and the conditions pointed out in the letters the suggestions made are carefully noted for reference in the thorough campaign which the Albany gathering will endorse and set in motion against the dreaded disease. A similar campaign in this city has already reduced one-half the high rate of mortality due to tuberculosis here, and even better results are expected of the open field if it can be sufficiently cultivated.

The threads our hands in blindness spin
No self-determined plan weaves in,
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.
—Whi

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. Thomas Paine.

It requires much labor to form character, but little to destroy it.

LILY DALE NEWS.

Mrs. Mary Todd is slowly improving.

Mrs. Maggie Turner is out of town for a few days.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Riley Johnson is no better.

Mrs. Ben Luce is in Jamestown, where she has had a serious operation.

Mrs. May Bush has gone to Kentucky to spend a few weeks with her sister.

Last Sunday's evening meeting was held at Mr. Markham's, twenty being present.

W. L. Markham of Buffalo was at the Dale Tuesday, looking after the ice business.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Pierson are visiting their niece, Mrs. John Washburn of Sheridan.

Mrs. Rouse of Titusville is spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. J. D. Henderson.

We understand that Mr. Ben Luce has rented his farm to his brother, Mr. Ed. Luce, for the coming year.

Mrs. Knothe entertained the Ladies' Home Aid at her home Thursday, January 16th. Refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Bard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bard, of Cassadaga, and Mr. and Mrs. Jay Bard of Jamestown spent Tuesday evening with Mr. and Mrs. H. Piersons.

Mrs. Z. T. Gates and daughter, Virginia La Pearl, of Third street, left Wednesday morning to visit friends in Buffalo. Miss Virginia will go to Holland, N. Y. and visit the Misses Dustin.

Mrs. Minnie Meeker passed away at her home in Fourth street January 11th, 1908. She was sick only a few hours, with heart failure. The remains were taken by her sister, Mrs. McDonald, to Limestone, Pa., for burial.

Gone Home.

In Springfield, Mass., December 17, 1907, Warren Luther Danforth, aged 88 years, passed into that silent sleep called death. Mr. Danforth will be remembered by Lily Dale residents, as he spent many summers there with his daughter, Miss H. H. Danforth. The last of October they left the Dale, to spend the winter in Springfield. Mr. Danforth was in his usual health up to the previous Saturday, when he was seized with chills and fever. Though his children were alarmed they expected he would recover, as he had from several previous attacks, but he failed to rally, and Tuesday morning, after taking some nourishment, passed into (apparently) a refreshing sleep—to awaken "over there."

After a time in sun and rain
The faded lilies will bloom again.
After a time the hands we miss
We'll press in a better land than this.

Mr. Danforth was born in Fort Covington, N. Y., September 17, 1819, the son of Luther and Henrietta (Ellsworth) Danforth, who came of sturdy Revolutionary stock, and he was the last of a family of eleven children.

Early the Danforth family showed a strong leaning toward the ministry and religious life. Three of his brothers became ordained ministers, two of his sisters married ministers, and three nephews entered the ministry. Of the eight ministers seven became presiding elders n the Methodist faith.

Mr. Danforth, with his broad and liberal views, not being drawn toward the ministry, took up the study of law. But failing health induced him to join his father, who was one of the pioneers of the Adirondacks region, and together they bought and sold large tracts of timber in the very heart of the mountain wilderness.

Later he married and engaged for himself in the lumber and saw mill business and throughout the country was considered as one of the most expert of lumbermen and earned a reputation for strict honesty and fair dealing. Always prominent in the interest of town officers, for many years justice of the peace, and ever earnest and active in the cause of temperance.

About thirteen years ago he was made an invalid by a shock and obliged to retire from active business, since which time he has made his home with his daughter, and though physically feeble, he retained his mental faculties to a marked degree, except hearing. His eyes were bright and clear. He was a constant daily reader, yet had not worn glasses for more than ten years.

His wife preceded him to the spirit realm some four years ago.

Pittsburg, Pa.

First Church of Spiritualists, Bouquet street, Oakland. Sunday—Lyceum, 9:45 a. m.; Services, 10:45 a. m; Thought exchance, 6 p. m.; Services, 7:45 p. m. Ladies' Aid, Thursdays, 2:45 p. m.; Thursday services, 7:45 p. m. Visitors welcome.

What are the "Dead" doing for the Living?

The question at the head of these lines is not primarily concerned with the demonstrations the "dead" afford the living of their continued life, thereby to comfort and satisfy the living, for during the past sixty years the inhabitants of the other world life have steadily pursued that object. No, the interrogation concerns matters outside the accomplishment of the initial purpose animating our spirit friends in their desires to hold communion with us It means, what are they doing to help us while living and doing in our present sphere of activity?

Two questions immediately arise. They are: "Can the spirits do anything to help us?" and "Do they desire to do anything?" If they are as we think, know, and have found them to be, alike more human and wider visioned in their new surroundings than ourselves, we may safely take it, as we do fully, that they desire to help us, and, as "Where there is a will there is a way," so it is also fair to assume they do find the ways as well as the means of accomplishing their desire.

Intelligent and thoughtful Spiritualists have learned the important lesson that "mediumship" presents other possibilities besides those of its use by spirits for the production of the various phases of their control of mediumistic persons. It has also come to be well understood that the consciousness of personal control exercised upon men by spirits is not the only evidence of spirit direction and inspiration. Indeed, looking at mediumship from a broad philosophical viewpoint, "mediumship" is really the activity of psychic faculties which ordinarily lie dormant in most of us, but are stimulated into action through spirits in, or out, of the form. Such faculties are, too, the indications that we all possess the powers possessed by the spirits who use our faculties to enable them to co-relate their consciousness to ours, and thus they are able to link up our avenues of personal expressions to theirs. Accepting this view, we reach the conclusion that we all possess a normal base of possible association with the minds and consciousnesses of the "dead," and as that base is developed and cultivated (by whatever means does not matter for the moment) we present active points of contact to the spirits, who may simply inspire and direct us without any consciousness upon our normal life that we are controlled in the ordinary usage of that word.

The world continually refers to the "inspiration" of its poets, dramatists, orators, preachers, scientists and reformers, but what does the world mean by such reference? A man cannot be inspired by a non-existent thing, nor can he be inspired at all if there is not something in him corresponding to, and capable of assimilating, the "inspiration." And if we admit Deity into the question no normal brain could withstand an inspiration therefrom. So intermediate "transformers" would be requisite to break down the current to a pressure the human brain could safely respond to. But, putting aside a too wide speculation, it may be safely admitted that inspiration comes to man, and men and women, from the spirit world and its peoples.

Who are the peoples of that other life? Are they not the poets, dramatists, orators, preachers, scientists, and reformers, as aforesaid, who have lived here? But also are there not others, to whom we are so often blindly and self-sufficiently oblivious, the millions of the ordinary men and women—they who have toiled, who have starved, who have suffered from the thousand and one injustices, iniquities, and miserable conditions of this very civilized and most Christianized world of ours? What did they find on entering the next life? Not much, if anything, of what they had been taught to expect. They found that wealth carried no weight, that crowns and scepters were at a discount, that none had what was not truly theirs, that war and its panoply were contemned as barbarous and inhuman, that all who had in any way advanced beyond this state when they entered spirit life found the highest happiness in helping others and in promoting the welfare of all. Freed from the thraldom of priestcraft and dogma, they realized that brotherhood and love came through the law of right being obeyed by all.

Here is the point of the parable. Those referred to had suffered in this life, they knew where the shoe pinched, and out of their compassion for those still suffering on earth (it may even be out of their indignation at the wrongs an erroneously constructed society had inflicted upon them while on earth) they have breathed into the minds of their fellows upon earth that tremendous message called Socialism, which appears to be fraught with so much of good and ill in its composition. Amid the hubbub of the battle, and amidst the tangled maze of its purposes, there is to be detected the tones and the threads of a sounder doctrine of social life, duty, sobriety, service, justice. To each man his deserts, from all men their duty. Poverty dreams of wealth as hunger does of banquets, but let us avoid confounding material aims with the still higher needs of a man's life. Let us clearly realize that the "dead" are inspiring us continually, and that the cry of the worker and the sufferer on earth is but an echo of the words of those who suffered here, and who now strive to preach from the higher state the gospel of a more righteous life for all on earth. In such way we verily are sure the "dead" are doing much for the living.—Editoral in The Two Worlds, J. J. Morse, Editor, Manchester, Eng.

Forecast and Horoscope for February.

J. N. LARSON.

February starts out under the most careful and conservative lines, owing to the influence of the slow and crafty Jupiter, who will be the ruling star of our earth from the 1st to the 20th. This means that local trade will be well taken care of, but people will not care to deal with foreigners, preferring to spend their money at home as in the olden days, but the bosses remains sound and people will feel hopeful.

February has twelve high tide days in it, namely, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 24th and 25th, consequently the general health among the masses will be below normal, still the forceful vibrations will cause people to labor under such a high strain that many will be sick and not know it. The worst time this month is for people whose date of birth falls between January 22d and February 20th, and between April 22d and May 23d, and between July 24th and August 24th, and between October 25th and November 23d of any year. The worst dates for these people are between February 6th and 12th, and between February 21st and 27th. The first six days will be hard for such people as are born between March 22d and April 22d, and between June 23d and July 24th, and between September 24th and October 25th, and between December 23d and January 22d. All other people on the earth will suffer between February 10th and 20th, and between February 24th and March 10th.

Children born the first 19 days of February will all come under the influence of Jupiter, which gives them unusual good mental qualities and strength of character. They will not need any advice or prompting but will make their own way in the world. They are born leaders and are sure to push to the front. They are not brilliant, but are immensely practical and conservative. Any line of business where they can make themselves useful as managers, such as in manufacturing, insurance and real estate lines is suitable for their mental abilities. They will make a success at whatever they undertake. The boys born from the 20th to the 26th will be great business men and financiers of the Harriman type, and will make their influence felt in all directions. The girls are also highly gifted along musical and educational lines. They will look old when born, as they are ahead of their time. Those born from the 27th to March 5th will be born under Mercury. This will make them quite bashful and reserved. The boys should seek a subordinate position, as they are not adapted to engage in a business of their own, only in a very small way. These boys will be of a reckless disposition, with a tendency to indulge in all kinds of dissipation, having no will-power or character to act as a restrainer. A good example by the parents of these children is of great value, as their characters are great imitators and are easily influenced for good or for evil.

The stock markets of the world will be disappointing to the hopeful ones, as the trend is downward on a large scale. The market is being manipulated at this time for political effect, so as to put the government in as bad a light as possible. The Wall street gang will even succeed in forcing another panic between now and March 16th, so as to make things look as sick as possible. I advise people who are owners of stocks to hold on to them and sit light, as higher prices will come later in the year.

Don't let your heart grow cold and you will be cheerful though you live a century.

VESPASIAN.

Roman Emperor from 69 to 79 A. D.

A Spiritual Communication selected from the Prof. M. Faraday Book, Containing the Testimony and Confession of the Pagan Priests of Rome.

Bad as some of the emperors have been made to appear, they were never guilty of such infamy as tampering with the state records to substantiate a myth, and because this was done I have been determined to aid the spirit band in their work of unravelling the mystery.

Apollonious was my confidential friend and medium (as you call it) for divining futurity. He was one of the most powerful magicians of that age, and his spiritual mediumship was so transcendently conspicuous that his fame was heralded through the empire. I valued his services so highly that I caused a record of his life and writings to be placed among the archives and his statue to be placed in the temple among the tutelar divinites of the empire.

I did this, not as a superstitious act, but as a recognition of his worth as a man, philosopher and magician.

He had brought from India the sacred writings of that nation, and copies of them were made for the use of the libraries of the citizens. These, wtih the sacred writings of other nations, were placed in the temples. I was not interested in these writings as much as in other subjects, but knew they related to the history of Gautama Buddha. Apollonius regarded them as interesting historical fictions or legends and never taught his disciples to consider them as truthful accounts of any person.

Apollonius' magical gifts and his connection with those books furnished the priests of after ages a basis for the construction of a new God, with such a record of his life as could be easily traced to its source.

The statues and pictures of Apollonius were the models for the Christian Jesus. This I am sure of, but the manipulation of the records occurred so long after my time that I must refer you to those who succeeded me for the details.

I never heard the subject mentioned in my earth life. If the Jewish nation had any record of any such person as Jesus they destroyed it, or concealed it from me. I charged Josephus to procure copies of the writings of the Jews for Apollonius and for the capitol, but though the Jewish temple was plundered no such writings were found.

I know in the Christian records my friend Apollonius was recognized, although somewhat disguised.

His was one of the greatest minds that ever lived and he drew to his aid, both in mortal and in spirit life, the love and sympathy of the wisest and purest spirits that ever came to man. His life and benign influence were always enlisted in behalf of goodness and truth. His virtues were made resplendent by purity and humility, and none knew him but to love and reverence him for them.

Such is the model upon which was based the story of the realization of the divine man.

Time will yet reveal the fact that Apollonius of Tyana furnishes a large portion for the story of the Christian Jesus. Sign me,

VESPASIAN.

Transcribed by E. T. Dickinson,
Palmetto Place, Limona, Fla.

The New Year and Spiritualism.

In looking today at the standing of our movement before the world, it seems to me that we have much to be proud of, very much to be grateful for, and very, very much to be hopeful for.

Since the inception, less than sixty years ago, of that which we call modern Spiritualism, it has gone forward with giant strides. Where, in past history, will you find a movement, either scientific, ethical or religious, that has made the progress in the world that this movement has? The two last religions appearing on the scene of action, namely, Universalism and Unitarianism, are scarcely known outside the United States, and are not even dreamed of in Asia or Africa, while Spiritualism, although it may not be an organized body outside of Enganld and the United States, is well and favorably known, not only in court circles on the continent, but even among many of the lower classes, not only in Europe but in many other countries, and has its periodicals appearing regularly in many foreign languages, and we are today co-workers, standing shoulder to shoulder with the scientists of all nations—Lombroso in Italy, Flammarion in France, Alfred Russell Wallace and Sir William Crookes in England, Prof. James of Harvard and Prof. Hyslop of Columbia, in the United States, and hosts of others in all countries, and all of these are Spiritualists. One of our best known American poets, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is a Spiritualist. What movement ever before in the world's history had the most advanced scientists of two countries formed into a body, raising a fund of over one million dollars to investigate scientifically its claims? Never before was such a thing known, but we have an example of this in the Psychical Research Society, and many of these learned professors have become Spiritualists since they began their investigations.

So we have no reason today to hang our heads, but to stand up and crave investigation of our cult. So we have all this to be proud of, and, furthermore, we have the spirit world to be thankful and grateful to—those who have been our inspirers, helpers, coworkers, backers and friends. We have individually, and collectively as an organized body, great reason to be grateful to the people of the spirit world for their unfiring effort to prove to us the fact of existence beyond death.

We seem to be too much engrossed with the cares of earth to give a fitting expression of the gratitude in our hearts, for the great fundamental truth of nature, which the scientists of the life beyond have untiringly labored throughout the past to make plain to us, and are still striving, having blazed the way, to open up a pathway that shall be so plain that "he who runs may read." So that all mankind shall come into perfect understanding of a future life, and shall thereby add great force to each one's character, habits, thoughts and morals.

In view of all this, have we not cause for great hope today for the future of the cult of Modern Spiritualism? If it has done so much in so short a time in the past, what may it not do in the eternity ahead?

Verily, the extent of it cannot be imagined. A fraction of it may be gleaned from the thought that men and angels shall talk face to face, as brother to brother.

So may it be. LEE MORSE.
Lake Helen, Fla., January 1, 1908.

There are two freedoms,—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.—Kingsley.

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OLD BUT NOT AGED.

The Progressive Thought gives the following interesting account of a wonderful man of California, who is 111 years old. He is Captain Goddard Diamond, lately of 28 Eighth street, San Francisco, who, before the fire, held documents conclusively proving the date of his birth in Plymouth, Mass., May 1, 1796. They will doubtless prove interesting to many of our readers, and I may mention that I have ten portraits of this interesting comrade which show him boxing, cycling, and doing physical culture exercises at the age of 106.

He was, when nearly 107 years of age, stronger than most men of half those years. For over forty years he lived an ordinary life, the only unusual things about him being that he did not use coffee, tea, or other stimulants, and never married.

When nearly fifty he began to realize that there was a great deal to be got out of life yet. "You always get what you prepare for, and as most men expect to die at 70, or thereabouts, they educate themselves for death, live up to their belief, and it comes for that reason."

Exercise and temperance in all things have been Captain Diamond's elixir of life. He contends that well directed physical culture, aided by temperate habits, will build up and sustain a strong body. "In my own case," he says, "I found when 104 years of age, my joints were stiffening, so I went through a course of physical culture. It was hard and painful exercise at first, but gradually my muscles relaxed, and my joints became limber, until by the time the course ended I actually felt like a young man again."

He was in San Francisco during the terrible earthquake, when the house he resided in was destroyed. He now lives in Oakland, where he is well known as not only the oldest white man on the Pacific Coast, but in many respects the most wonderful man alive.

A lady journalist, Helen Vatl Wallace, who interviewed Captain G. Diamond, a few months ago for an Oakland newspaper, says it is delightfully entertaining to hear this remarkable sojourner in three centuries talk in his clear-headed and optimistic fashion.

In 1817, when 21, he cast his first vote for James Monroe, and has never failed to go to the polls every fourth year since then. He was a scout and dispatch-bearer in Mexico during the invasion by the United States forces, and was attached to both Scott's and Taylor's commands. He assisted in the building of the first railroads and canals in the United States, was superintendent of plantations in the South, and withstood the visitation of yellow fever in 1852 at Appalachicola. He was ten and a half years in Benjamin Butler's office in Boston, trying to become a lawyer, but gave it up. He now thinks nothing of contributing short articles on health and diet to magazines and newspapers and is the author of a book, The Secret of a Much Longer Life. The first edition was written when he was 105, and the last when he was 110.

He is not a mere theorist about living on certain foods. He practices to the letter what he preaches. He prepares all his own food. He laughingly said: "Oh, I've been quite independent of women folk since I was 70—in fact, for the past forty-one years—except at the time of the earthquakes and fires in 'Frisco, and the women were very angels to me then, bless them forever for it!"

Captain Diamond is a confirmed bachelor. He mends his clothing as neatly as any youngster. He does not repeat himself. He remembers if he told you a story five or six years ago, and he will not tell you the same story a second time.

His eyesight is so good that he only wears glasses when reading or writing. He does not require them in the street, and his clear, grey-blue eyes twinkle merrily as he wends his way through the crowded streets. He has very few wrinkles, and is a great physical culturist, and never lets a day pass without his walk, his deep breathing, bath and exercises. He climbs with the agility of a forty-year-old the stairs leading to his rooms.

He has, apparently, no use for doctors. He says he renounced them all when he found himself growing to be an old man at 42. He then adopted the style of life he now leads, and he has never been ill from that day to this, with the exception of a cold he took in April of last year from sleeping on damp ground in 'Frisco at the time of the earthquakes.

"I soon cured myself with olive oil," he said, "and by being especially careful with my diet. I am a strict vegetarian. Not a drop of blood has been shed or drawn to feed me for sixty-six years. I cured myself of rheumatism and other old age complaints at 42 by leaving off meat-eating, giving up tea and coffee, and using olive oil freely in my food; also rubbing olive oil on my body after bathing. I use about 2½ gallons of olive oil in a month, most of it internally. I use only about one quart per month externally. It takes very little oil to keep the skin smooth, and the joints limber.

"I take a cold rub every morning immediately upon rising. I dip a good-sized piece of flannel in cold water, partly wring it, and rub my whole body with it. Then I rub hard with a rough, dry towel till I am as warm as toast, and then apply the olive oil—just a little—and rub it well in at the joints. It keeps the joints supple, and keeps wrinkles away from the face."

Captain Diamond uses no stimulants of any sort, and no meat whatever. He drinks pure water, milk and sweet fruit juices unfermented. He uses eggs sparingly and when he uses them he is careful that they are perfectly fresh. He scrambles the eggs in olive oil—just barely coagulates the white, and heats the yolk through. He eats a little cheese, and always cream cheese. He uses salt in everything.

He says it takes very little to feed the body, if we only select the proper food. He has no fixed rules as to what foods. He changes his foods often, and does not use more than two different foods at a meal. He always seasons his food with olive oil, and when he fries food he always uses olive oil. He uses no animal fat whatever. He includes in his diet all cereals, fruits, nuts and vegetables.

He says, "I have lived in this way for 66 years, and during all that time I have been free from pains and aches of every sort, and have been happy too. At 42 I was comparatively a nervous, feeble, old man. But in those days I ate meat, filled my system full of acid and rheumatism, and trusted to the doctors to get me out of my misery."

He does not smoke, and never sleeps in the daytime. Dr. Wm. D. Evelyn, of San Francisco, a graduate of Edinburgh University, and head physician of St. Luke's Hospital, California, is the authority for the following facts, given after a thorough examination of Captain Diamond:—"His height is five feet, six and one-half inches, and weight 140 pounds. His digestion is excellent. His pulse is regular at 76; respiration 18 and full; his face is unwrinkled, his hair grey and abundant. Chest thirty-six inches with two inch expansion. His eye is undimmed, his senses alert, his step elastic, his bearing erect, and his shoulders square. In short, he is a remarkable preservation of tissue-integrity and functional activity. Nothing suggests an approach of dissolution, and one can only speculate as to the probable future span of life."

There was a romance of his youth, and there is a young girl's grave under the dust of the years. "We became engaged," he said, "and were soon to have been married; but, just two weeks before the day appointed she died suddenly from a severe cold, and she breathed her last with her little arms about my neck. No one else has been able to take the memory of those little arms from about my neck to this day, and no one ever shall."

Amongst the philosophic utterances with which he is credited are the following:

"I've made it the rule of my life not to worry, and not to get into a temper. I've tried to be kind to those about me.

"I believe the Lord will provide for those who trust in Him, but He expects you to hustle for yourself just a little. And that's what I've done—hustled and kept on smiling.

"I've got several good, sound teeth in my head, and I reckon it comes from exercising them. I always chew my food slowly, and take plenty of time at my meals, and usually manage to get a lot of laughter mixed up in it.

"That's the best tonic on earth for good digestion—plenty of laughing at meal times. I've been at hotels sometimes, and on the big ocean liners, and watched a lot of folks eating as if they expected to be hung for it. No wonder they have dyspepsia. I'd choke if I had to eat that way.

"I've lived in three centuries and don't expect to give up for a long time yet. I enjoy life as much as ever I did, and I believe so long as we take a pleasure in living there is enough vitality in us to make life worth while. It is when folks have nothing left to live for that they begin to give up the ghost.'"

What Captain Diamond has accomplished any ordinary man or woman could do, without necessarily following all his methods in detail.

The modern mode of living is simply a slow method of committing suicide.

This brave, unique, marvellous man, standing alone amid the centuries, has demonstrated a possibility for all mankind.

The Kingdom of Heaven

Knowest not the kingdom of heaven,
Man, thou type of the whole,
Finds its orbit in thine ego,
Its central sun thy soul?

'Tis not an ideal spot in space,
Not a vain tomorrow,
Neither a celestial place
That man can mayor borrow.

It lies in the holy heart-throb
That marketh noble deeds,
Where fond hopes are born of faith
In the creature, not in creeds.

It thrills in a tender hand-clasp,
A voice's vibrant grace,
And its star of rarest glory
Gleams from a love-lit face.

In this domain of the faithful,
Charity guardeth the gate,
Shaming 'way with a saintly smile,
Selfishness, scorn and hate.

Enrobed in the ermine of truth,
Justice mercy wielding,
Holdeth sway of limitless love,
Omnipotence revealing.

Its walls are as wide as thine heart,
Its blessings e'en heaven deep,
And the angels dwelling therein,
Thoughts profound, pure and sweet.

Paint no picture of pearly gates,
Nor trace an ethereal dream.
Heaven's aurora glows in the heart
Where God reigneth supreme.

Once arisen the soul doth speed
The course of endless time,
Ascending ever and ever
To meet the source sublime.

—Lillian Hartman Johnson
in The Balance.

Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson

Buffalo owns no more distinguished and respected woman than Mrs. J. H. R. Matteson, the world-known clairvoyant and physician, who resides at No. 248 North Division street.

Mrs. Matteson was born of peasant parentage in Germany, 60 years ago. She came to America when 15 years of age. Untaught by the schools she has learned her lessons in the University of Human Experience.

Life with this woman has not been a thing of ease. All she is and all she has are the fruits of her faithful and unselfish endeavor for others. Mrs. Matteson is a woman of parts. She has large sympathies in a professional way. Added to these she has rare administrative ability. She is a useful, competent woman in many directions.

As an exponent of her religion she commands the respect and confidence of the entire spiritualist body of the United States. Locally, she is a devoted member of the Spiritualist Society which worships in the temple on Jersey street of this city. Mrs. Matteson is a modest, unobtrusive woman with advanced ideas. Of radiant countenance and gentle manners, the unfortunate turn to her instinctively. Truthfully it can be said that they are never disappointed. Her precepts and her example are rewards for their confidence, she is an inspiration to healthful, honorable life.

Dr. Matteson is a woman of substance. She gives liberally to every worthy cause. Her benefactions are not limited to race or creed. She gives to all freely and graciously. The story of her thoughtful generosity can never be adequately told. She herself never refers to her good works. The numberless deeds of kindness flowing from her hands are never known to the world unless related by those blessed by her generous acts.

However, one such instance has recently come to light. It appears that an aged clergyman friend of hers residing in another part of the State was remembered by her on last Thanksgiving day. Let him tell his own story as eloquently related by himself in a copy of the letter which has been forwarded to the representative of the Times:

My Dear Friend:—Yesterday Herbert went to town and found at the express office a Thanksgiving basket loaded with choicest fruits and nuts to regale our appetites and inspire our social instincts; and to renew our loving gratitude to our most thoughtful and generous friend at No. 248 North Division street. Words are weak to express what we feel; but the warm blessing from our hearts, is the spiritual coin which is the only legal tender for such tokens of good will, and the inspiration of your kindness gives to the whole world a new significance. It lights the dark places and touches with summer bloom the chill of autumn and the dread of winter. Herbert was greatly enthused when he saw the contents of the basket, and so were we all. He said: "Why, what a woman she is. I never saw such a one. What made her think of us with such generosity and so much to make us happy on Thanksgiving Day." I told him you were always doing something for somebody to make the world brighter.—Buffalo Sunday Times.

A man's strength is ever shown by his patience.

It is the divine attribute of the imagination that it is irrepressible, unconfinable; that when the real world is shut out it can create a world for itself, and, with necromantic power, can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions, to make solitude populous and irradiate the gloom of the dungeon.—Irving.

A Word for Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is a word that seems to rouse a peculiar feeling among the masses. To those that have had experience and have realized an upward growth, when we hear the word it sends a thrill of joy, peace and love vibrating through every organ of our body. To those that do not understand its purport there is a fascination, and they wonder if it is possible for those that we suppose are dead, as the last we saw of them the lid of the casket was fastened over their dear forms, and we were left to live out our lives without them, is it possible for them to see and know of our sorrow? When we laid our dear daughter in the ground our every hope went with her. Is it a fact that she can see and love us just the same? O joy, O peace, O happiness. I am content to live if my loved can be near me.

But what of those that know of the beautiful truths and are glad to sip of the nectar received through the efforts of our loved ones that inhabit the spirit world? and will say, oh, don't tell any one that I am interested, because it will hurt my business? If the truth will hurt our business it must be based on very poor sand. All persons that deny the truth because of a fear of a social or business failure are standing in their own light and will never be successful anywhere. They will be swept by the winds and tides of Madam Grundy until they sit on the island of poor health and misfortune, and as they turn their eyes over the dead and gone past tears of regret and sorrow at the missed opportunities will be freely shed.

Stand firm and be a staunch friend to the cause you feel to be right, your friends will have more respect for you, your business will flourish and you will enjoy better health.

Yours, for Truth, JOHN.

MEDIUMS' AND SPEAKERS' DIRECTORY

Mediums and speakers frequently lose engagements because people do not know where to find them. To avoid this have your name and address listed in this directory, under the proper heading. Speakers and public mediums who subscribe for or advertise in the Sunflower by the year, can upon application, have their names and addresses placed in this column under one heading free of charge. If more than one heading is desired, $1 per year for each heading. Those marked with a star will attend funerals.

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Rev. Dr. J. B. Geddes, 103 Lafayette St., Jersey City, N. J.
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SLATE WRITING.

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Uncooked Food A Necessity for Man.

Our vegetarian friends will no doubt be interested in the following article from The Herald of the Golden Age, published at Paignton, England:

Man's living body is a commonwealth of innumerable living cells, each one filled with organic electricity (so-called vitality), and forming in their totality a marvellously adjusted power-plant or store-house of organic power, i. e., of life.

Life is constant motion and constant change, brought about through the outward manifestations of this organic electricity, by means of the different tissues and organs forming our body.

A constant stream of organic electricity and organized building material must pass through our body, in order to repair the constant loss of energy and of cell substance accompanying the phenomena of life.

Our food is this life-giving stream. Our food, therefore, must not only contain all the different elements composing the substance of our cells, but must contain them in organized combinations of high potential electricity, so that we may eat both matter and energy.

All the energy on earth is derived from the sun; all the life on earth is transmuted sun-power, and it must eventually disappear with the ceasing of the sun's activity.

Sun-power is being constantly stored up in the plants, which, under its influence, form out of the simple elements needed in our body food materials containing the highest latent energy.

Ripe, uncooked fruit is the most attractive and delicious, and nuts are the most compact and nutritious representation of condensed sunlight—the highest accumulation of vital energy.

The energetic tension—the life—in the food materials is destroyed by the temperature of boiling water; a cooked seed cannot germinate.

Food thoroughly cooked is food thoroughly killed; food partly cooked, as in our kitchens and bake-houses, is food partly dead and partly living.

No body can live on dead food, whether mixed in the chemist's shop or in the kitchen, or on food deprived of its vitality through cooking.

Many people die nowadays simply from want of vitality through trying to live on cooked food only.

Modern man lives really on that mojety of his food not killed by heat: the cooked part is so much dross and waste matter, causing disease and premature death.

The natural food of man is formed by those articles we can eat, enjoy and assimilate in their natural raw state.

Fruits, nuts, seeds, and a few vegetables comprise man's natural diet.

All the food materials that have to be cooked before we can eat or digest them cannot be called "natural food of man;" they are natural food only for those animals who can eat, enjoy and assimilate them in their natural state.

Living, organized man wants living, organized food, which he cannot get from dead animals or cooked vegetables; and his health is in direct proportion to that part of his food which he eats in its natural state.

Civilized man's present diet consists largely of natural food disorganized by cooking, or of unnatural food disorganized but rendered eatable and digestible by cooking, and containing matter dangerous or directly poisonous.

The consequences of this wrong diet are general decline of civilized people in their development of body, their health, strength, duration of life, character and social habits.

Raw fruit diet supplies every want of the human economy, and is not only as nourishing and sustaining as the most expensive mixed diet, but it produces more energy and endurance, is more easily assimilated, and is absolutely free from any dangerous matter.

Raw fruit counteracts the deleterious influences of the usual mixed diet, as it prevents constipation, helps the excretion of uric acid and other acid poisons by rendering the blood more alkaline, and it supplies those important food salts which in a cooked diet are rendered almost valueless.

Raw fruit is not only food but medicine for all people using cooked food, and these should therefore eat as much raw fruit—fresh or sun-dried—as possible, or have at least one meal a day consisting of fruit only.

It is advisable for every mixed eater, in order to purify his body, to undergo a fruit cure of four to six weeks' duration every year, at a place where, and at a time when, the fruit is at its best. Such cures would do more good than the usual annual visit to the seaside.

If parents are not able to give up the usual abnormal dietary, they should at least allow the natural instinct of their children for fruit full play, and, if possible, bring them up on the natural diet. These will thereby escape many diseases and grow up not only healthy and strong, but gentle and lovable and free from unnatural propensities and vices.

Humanity cannot hope to escape the attacks of the ever-present microbes by cooking those few contained in the food and water. The only reliable safeguard against infectious diseases is the natural resistance of a body free from poisonous waste matter (which acts as food for disease germs).

Fruit is the only food which neither introduces dangerous material into the body nor produces such while passing through it.

Fruit diet is being more and more recognized as the proper diet for an expectant mother, which by keeping her body in a healthy, properly-balanced state, and by keeping the body of the unborn child small and vigorous reduces the dangers and pains of pregnancy and parturition to a minimum.

Fruit diet will once more enable mothers to suckle their children by producing an abundance of milk rich in all necessary constituents, but free from any dangerous matter.

Fruit, well-ripened and soft, but not cooked, should be the only food allowed during sickness. Reduced fruit-diet—a fruit-fast—is the best means of curing disease.

Sun-dried fruit is as good as fresh fruit, as its whole vitality is preserved; it should not be cooked, but only soaked for about eighteen hours in sufficient water to make it swell, and should then be eaten raw.

Fruit does not only satisfy hunger but also thirst, and does not create any craving for tobacco or other stimulants.

Fruit is not a luxury but an absolute necessity in the diet of man. It is the duty of every thinking man who does not live merely to eat to live as much as possible on man's natural food.—O. L. M. Abramowski, M. D.

All true souls ever are staunchly true to duty alike in the large case and in the small. There is nothing little to the truly great in spirit. It is not possible to know how far the influence of any amiable, honest-hearted, duty-doing man flies out into the world.—Dickens.

The Godless Church.

Donald McDougall belonged to a clan,
He was a bit of a sport—a rather rough man.
He went to the kirk, his case he made known,
His crimes he confessed, his sorrows did own,
He made a clean breast, acknowledged his sin,
To the parson and elders he said, "Take me in."

The elders looked wise and turned to the chair,
From one to the other the session did stare.
"Your life in the parish," said Parson McClure,
"Is known to the people," and the elders looked dour.
"I have turned a new leaf," said the penitent man,
"I'll atone for the past and be good as I can."

"Be that as it may, we are bound to go slow.
Come back in six months, we'll then let you know.
Take your case to the Lord and pray night and morn;
First prove by your walk that the new man is born.
Give a tithe to the kirk, the sabbath day keep,
Then come into the fold and be one of the sheep."

The Father who watched the return of his Son,
The Shepherd who follows the wandering one,
Was not hard to find, so Donald and he
Had a talk all alone, as true as can be.
The six months' probation did quickly pass by,
Brave Donald returned with new light in his eye.

The session said, "Donald, we hope you are well.
Let us hear from you, now speak up for yoursel'.
Have ye telt the guid Lord of your conduct and crime?
For this we ha'e gi'en ye just six months of time."
"Yes, I told him my sin, my resolve and my doubt,
How the parson and elders for such shut me out."

"The Lord said, 'Look up, see the door ope' above,
And a hearty good welcome from a Father of love.
Don't fear if the Church against you shuts the door,
Your Father will keep you, and that evermore.
What wonder they kept you so long sick and sore,
Against me they have shut that very Church door.'"

—*William Strong.*

Oklahoma.

The Church of Spiritual Light met Saturday night, January 11th, at the home of its pastor, Rev. Alice Baker, 416 Avenue B, to hold its annual business meeting for the election of officers.

The church was organized last year, about a year ago, by its present pastor, Rev. Alice Baker, who was then Missionary for the Oklahoma State Spiritualist Association, as well as pastor of the Spiritualistic church of Dallas, Texas. Mrs. Baker's son, Rev. Milton Baker, took charge of Mrs. Baker's work in Dallas, while she did missionary work in Oklahoma.

After Mrs. Baker had organized the Lawton Society its members began immediately to agitate the question of having Mrs. Baker come here and take charge of the local work. It was later voted upon by the church, with a unanimous vote to engage Mrs. Baker as pastor and her son as assistant pastor.

The officers elected last Saturday night were as follows, to wit: Mr. J. F. Piercy, poesident; Mr. M. Parmenter, vice-president; Mr. L. Charles, secretary; Mr. Grant Ziegler, treasurer; Messrs. Ozman and Fields, and Mrs. Bessie Mims, trustees. After the busines had been attended to Mr. Piercy in a short talk paid tribute to the noble efforts of Mr. Parmenter to keep the church alive, he having stood by it, and never lost hope of its success during times when even the most sanguine members despaired of being able to maintain it.

At the meeting of the church last night at W. O. W. hall, about thirty people were compelled to stand, all the chairs being taken. The total number present was about one hundred.—Lawton Republican.

If you are in trouble, doubt or anxiety over personal or business matters, consult

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Ethical Teachings Not the Most Important.

Editor Sunflower:

In your issue for December 28th you print an article derived from my old friend, Light, of England. Inquisitor, who writes the article, entitled The Uses of Spiritualism, appears to be under the impression that the ethical teachings of Spiritualism are to be relied on as its basis of usefulness. Most decidedly these principles are of the highest import in the daily life of humanity, but when we consider that there are other religious bodies without creedal systems whose ethical teachings are equally sound and useful and elevating, we must look for something of deeper import, more particulary definite as to the difference of the teachings of Spiritualism and other isms, before answering those critics who desire to know the "uses" of Spiritualism.

In the first place, those critics must first prove that there is a continuance of life, then their queries as to the "uses" will cease. The distinctive difference, then, between Spiritualism and other religious bodies is not its moral and ethical teachings, as suggested by the writer in Light, but lies in the demonstrative proof of a continued existence of man's spirit at the time of so-called death, and, that under congenial conditions, every manifestation of that continued life can and does occur to those whose life's interest have been wrenched by the "departure."

This, then, is the central pivot upon which the whole structure of Spiritualism rests. Not its ethical teachings, grand though they be, but its grand work of life continuous proving to the bereaved that "death" is not death, but an awakening to larger life, to greater possibilities, to a knowledge that proves the words of the apostle who wrote, "We now see through a glass darkly, but then we shall see face to face." In that condition the spirit sees in all its awfulness the deeds of evil done in the body, as likewise the grains of good that have been scattered on the highway of the material. I have proven these things to be true in my own experiences within the circle of my own family, as well as in hundreds of corroborating incidents in my public work in England.

What, then, are the "uses" of Spiritualism? It first gives positive proof that the spirit of the human does not die, but still lives, and is able, under proper conditions, to make its friends aware of its continued existence. It then goes on to show to us that the whole fabric upon which rests the Christian teachings of our times is an egregious error; that there is no substitution for sin; every one must bear his own burden of mis-doings. No shaking off our own responsibilities; but justice, strict justice, demanded of all. Facts, stern facts, are at the foundation of Spiritualism. In the field of sciences there is much that calls for the query of their "uses," but the specialists go on with their work, desiring facts, not theories. So with Spiritualism. First, facts; then the "use" those facts bring in their train. No eleventh hour relief for the sinner, but an awakening of his consciousness to the terrible aspect of his evil life. When he is brought to a fit state of mind he begins to see that he may yet be made useful, and is ready to work out his own salvation (by through "media") endeavoring to serve others.

It is possible to quote many and various as the "uses" of Spiritualism. Light and joy is given to the bereaved; the fear of death is removed; the teachings of the spirit-world point us to the highest moral and ethical aspect of life's duties and responsibilites, and the sting is taken from the teachings of Christianity in the teaching that the Infinite Being is partial and of an avenging nature. That God is love is ground-work for a knowledge that all species of creation will come under the beneficent laws. My advice to all critics is, get knowledge, get understanding upon these matters by a process of rational enquiry; then they will prove apt pupils in spiritual matters. Criticism is at all times necessary, but let it be in the spirit of a devout desire to acquire knowledfe, and not in the spirit of carping enquiry.

WM. STANSFIELD.

Newcastle, Pa.

He who desires to burn with vanity will not have far to look to find those who will add fuel to the flames.—L. R. Hillier.

Oh, did we but know when we are happy! Could the restless, feverish, ambitious heart be still, but for one moment still, and yield itself, without one farther-aspiring throb, to its enjoyment.—Longfellow.

Born Into the Higher Life.

At Cambridge, Mass., December 8, 1907, at 8:45 p. m., Dora V., beloved wife of Arthur B. Shedd, from Bright's disease of the kidneys, aged 39 years, 2 months and 20 days.

We were married October 24, 1907, at Providence, R. I., by Rev. Alexander Mitchell, pastor of the United Presbyterian Church.

Dora, by religious belief, was a Second Adventist. She was taken sick with convulsions at 1:30 Sunday morning, and ceased to breathe at 8:45 Sunday evening, December 8, 1907. She had seven convulsions during the day and was unconscious about half the time.

I am a Spiritualist, and have been since 1875. I am a clairvoyant, clairaudient, and inspirational medium.

While my wife was, to all appearances, unconscious, I would very anxiously call her "Darling," and she would respond only by moving her eyes, but by so doing I taught her the law of spirit return, and in less than two hours from the time her physical body ceased to breathe she manifested to me in spirit to my clairvoyant sight. I could feel her touch and she spoke to me in spirit, and said that she was happy and had met her mother and sister. She has been with me almost constantly ever since. Thus I am alone, yet not alone, for her spirit is with me, cheering and comforting me with her presence.

When she was living in the physical form one of her favorite hymns was, Safe in the Arms of Jesus. On Christmas eve her father (a rank Second Adventist), was playing that hymn on his graphophone and my wife, Dora, stood beside me in spirit and seemed agitated with horror and she said to me, "Oh, what mockery! I have found all my friends—but I have not found Him (meaning Jesus)."

My wife, Dora, has controlled my hand twice and written letters to her friends in earth life, who are not Spiritualists, telling them that spirit return is an absolute truth—that she is happy and has found all her friends who have gone on before her to the spirit life. The quickness with which she returned and communicated to me seems all the more remarkable from the fact of her Second Advent religious belief while in earth life. The beauties of spirit life are so vivid to me that it is a great joy, comfort and consolation to offset the trials, hardships and disappointments of this earthly life. My aim in life is that the world may be better for my having lived in it.

For Truth and Progression,

ARTHUR B. SHEDD.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

To Spiritualists of New York State.

Dates are now being arranged for State Association meetings and the work of our State organizer and missionary for the fall and winter campaign.

We shall be glad to hear from Spiritualists from all parts of the State, especially in localities where there are no organized societies, with a view to making arrangements for the holding of State Association meetings.

We urge each Spiritualist to cooperate with the State Board in this matter, and request that you let us hear from you soon with information as to conditions in your locality. Write either to Mrs. T. U. Reynolds, Troy, N. Y., or to the president of the State Association.

H. W. RICHARDSON, Pres.
East Aurora, New York.

Biography of Moses Hull.

After unavoidable delay, the Life and Work of Moses Hull, by his brother, Daniel W. Hull, supplemented with an interesting Memorial, is ready for issue. This book contains a detailed account of Mr. Hull's early religious experiences, especially of his journey from Orthodoxy via Adventism to Spiritualism; of his struggles and sacrifices on behalf of industrial and social reform, and for the establishment of the Morris Pratt School, which he considered the crowning work of his life. The volume contains 112 pages, is of fine workmanship throughout. It is accompanied by an excellent portrait of Mr. Hull, from a new half-tone cut, made especially for this work.

Price, handsomely bound in cloth, $1.00. Strong paper cover, 50 cents. Those who desire this book address Mattie E. Hull, Whitewater, Wis.

We can only be valued as we make ourselves valuable.

The measure of our sincerity is the amount we will hazard in the defense of right.

Experiences in Haunted Houses.

The first thing which drew my attention to anything psychic was as follows:

It was in the year 1888, the winter in England being very cold, with snow lying upon the ground. I was then living in a house quite alone. The house had a shop attached to it, which had been occupied by a boot maker, who had suddenly died. The business was for sale, and I was there managing the concern and looking after things generally. There was very little furniture in the place, just enough for my use. Having very little to do I spent most of my time reading. One day whilst reading in a room at the back of the shop I heard footsteps pass across the rooms overhead, and, thinking at once of thieves, I went to see who it was, but found no one!

Another time I was in bed reading, when I heard what appeared to me as if some cats had obtained admission into the house and knocked down all the china ware (plates, dishes, and cups), for the noise was that of a terrible breakage. I thought, "Well, all must be broken, I can do no good." I did not get up to see the damage, but judge my surprise next morning when I found all as I had left it the night before.

On another occasion I was half sleeping and half waking, when I heard three tremendous bangs on the counter in the shop, which actually made the goods on the counter rattle again and again. Knowing that nobody could obtain admission, as I had the key in my pocket, I still stayed in my bed, and found nothing unusual disturbed next morning. It was in this house that I am now conscious that I saw clairvoyantly for the first time, although even at that time I did not understand it.

Winter had now gone, and the spring had come, with a gloriously brilliant sunshine. One early morning as I lay in my bed, feeling very lazy and comfortable, I suddenly felt someone was in my room. I half opened my eyes, but could see no one, though I still felt someone was there. Then I became conscious of another power of vision, and I saw an old man and woman, who stood at the foot of my bed looking at me. I heard them speak, but not with my outer ears. Then I saw them move to the balcony outside the window and stand hand in hand in the sunshine. After this they faded from my vision. I remembered what I had seen, describing it to a neighbor, who immediately exclaimed, "Why, you are describing Mr. and Mrs. R—," and I well remember her words, "I think the dead must linger around the home where for many years they have lived so happily." This occurred some years before I knew anything of Spiritualism, but it set me thinking. But with all these things I had no sense of fear, but a strong sense of being guided, guarded and helped.

My next experience occurred somewhere about the year 1897 or 1898. I was then living in a very quiet half rural district near London. The house was quite newly built, and stood away from the main road. I was occupying only half of the house, ground floor. It had not been built for letting off into apartments, but, owing to the bankruptcy of the builder, they were glad enough to let the house in flats. With me lived an old housekeeper, a common-sense, practical woman, not at all given to exaggeration or fancies, she having lived many years alone in the wilds of Australia.

My first experience there was one night as I lay in my bed reading, I distinctly heard someone walk across the floor of the room above my head; yet I knew, owing to the other rooms being unlet, there could be no person in the body there. Thinking it might be thieves I quickly went to the rooms, but found no one there. My old housekeeper, with my children, was occupying a bedroom next to mine, and she mentioned when we met at breakfast next morning that she, too, had heard it. In course of time these empty rooms became occupied by a family consisting of father, mother, and three children, the man, like myself, being engaged all day in business in London. My housekeeper was very pleased that tenants were in the house, as she felt very lonely being in the house by herself.

My new neighbors proved to be nice people, so we felt quite comfortable. Much to our surprise, one night we heard a terrible quarrel between husband and wife. Next morning the lady told my housekeeper that as her husband entered the house early in the evening he met a man leaving. He knew it was not me, and demanded to know who it was. The wife was angry at being taxed with receiving a visitor, and thus a quarrel was the result. Yet the husband saw and described him, which description we remembered. On another occasion the husband returned home late, there being no light in the house. He felt something pass him, and, knowing we were all in bed, this so frightened him that the following week he left the house.

After a little while the apartment was let to other tenants, and we mentioned nothing of the curious happenings. This family consisted of father, mother and two children, the youngest of them being a cripple. One spring day the mother was sitting at the top of her stairs sewing, and watching her youngest child play in the front garden. From her position she could see into the road beyond the garden, and, much to her surprise, she saw a man come in at the door and cross the hall, approaching her halfway up the staircase. She rose to meet him, when he disappeared before her eyes! She then came to the housekeeper, much frightened and agitated, telling her of the incident and giving a description of the man, which exactly tallied with the former tenant's description of the man he saw.

Many other little things occurred, such as the banging of doors, without human agency; lights seen in unexpected places and hours. I might mention that this spirit man was seen by others after I had left the house.

Some time after this I moved to the West End of London; the neighborood was one that had seen better days. The house into which I moved was a large one, occupied by husband and wife, six children (all boys), and one maid-servant. I was there first as a lodger, having my own bed and sitting-room, but taking my meals in the family dining-room. This family had resided in the house only six months prior to my going to it. The first curious event noticed happened in the kitchen late at night. In one of the cupboards were sounds as if coke was being broken in the adjoining house, but we wondered at never hearing it in the daytime, and used to think it strange that it was broken in the adjoining small cupboard. One day the children of the two houses started a childish quarrel. My landlady, thinking it better not to interfere, listened, and heard the neighbor's children remark, "And you even break your coke in the cupboard late at night to disturb and annoy us!" when our children retorted, "It is not we who break coke, it's you ! !" This made us more keen to notice, and as we were all Spiritualists in the house we did not take alarm at the many curious things that happened; in fact, even the children would remark as we heard the noises, "There are the spirits again."

My bedroom being at the top of the house, I, not always sleeping well, used to come down to my sitting-room for a book, and one morning my landlady remonstrated with me for making such a noise in coming down stairs in the night; she added, "you awoke both my husband and myself," but, as a matter of fact, I had not left my bed that night! Sometimes the noise was as if someone with a heavy tread was walking over the whole of the upper part of the house, at other times as if a lady with light footsteps would walk; we could distinctly hear the tap of the heel of her boot on the stair, and the rustle of her gown, but nothing was ever seen.

During the summer, when the whole family was on holiday, I, owing to my work, being obliged to remain in town, a mutual friend of mine and the family kept house. She knew nothing of all the curious happenings, and one morning, at breakfast, she remarked, "I hope you were not ill last night." I said, "Ill?" She said, "Yes; I heard you go down to your room and open a cupboard." I said, "Indeed. I did not go down, for, arriving home very tired, I went straight to bed and slept soundly."

On another occasion we were sitting in my room reading. The house was quiet; there was no sound of any kind, as the house was some distance from the main road. Suddenly the handle of the door of the room in which we were sitting was turned. The door was pushed open a little, and then stopped, pushed open still further, and stopped again. This happened when a lamp was burning, and at about nine o'clock in the evening. No one was in the house except our two selves. After a time the family left, but I still continued to reside there, the house now being let out in apartments. During the first week of my tenancy another family took up residence, and the wife acted as my servant. All the occurrences of which I have written still continued, and did so up till the time I left, I having resided about five years in all there. I heard, after I had left, that the noises still continued.

One thing I have omitted to relate—the removing of small articles for days at a stretch, and sometimes for weeks, and, after great inconvenience, they would be brought back again.

During my travels I was one day asked to go to the castle of ——, in Germany, to give a seance to the countess of —— and her guests, who had come from various parts of the country round about to meet me. In the middle of the seance the steward came into the drawing-room, whispered something to the countess, and left the room. After the guests had departed there remained only an officer of the German army and myself, who were remaining the night. The countess then turned to us and said, "My forest is on fire! Will you come with me to see it? I will change my dress, and by that time t will be at the door." We t driven quickly to the scer fire, which was some dista then saw that a fire had c right in the center of th evidently started on purpo enemy of the house. It late when we returned and g and, as the officer conducted room he said (curiously to m is my room. If you need come to me, as it will be ringing, as there are no s this part of the castle." "Tnank you; I want only t being very tired. I quickly toilet and was in bed. I losing consciousness when I thing bending over me. Op eyes I saw the face of a h woman very close to mine. lasted for a few moments. up in bed, I argued with my "Is my brain playing me a lay down again, and was sound sleep, which was dis the servant bringing my dressing next morning.

At breakfast my hostess how I had slept, saying jest suppose no ghost disturbed then related what I had seen ing the face of the old wom at once turned to the officer "Then it is true." This ar curiosity, and I asked woul plain. She then related that had the reputation of being and had said to her friend, say nothing, and try if M will see the ghost." I aske old woman was. She said I an exact description of an ol who was born on the estate, a ually became housekeeper count's father, but in her age she became childish, ar habit of going round at night and leaning over the faces as they lay in bed. Becau habit she had to be removed castle, and soon afterwar Some two or three people had into her bedroom, and described what I had seen, t having hysterics, rousing th of the castle in the middle of t

I have but narrated a few have come under my persona I do not theorize over them, understand them, but that the work of discarnate human have no doubt.—Alfred Vou in The Two Worlds.

The Lesson of the Closing Year.

I sit alone in my lonely room,
The twilight hour is passing by;
The darkness soon enshrouds with gloom
The day's last ray to droop and die.

Sadly I think of vanished years,
When youth, and home, and friends were mine.
But now there's naught but useless tears,
And aching heart that doth repine.

Why is it thus on the last night
That ushers in the dawning year?
Will coming years the loss requite,
And bring me balm to check the tear?

The firelight flickers on the wall,
The fitful shadows come and go,
They seem like spectres gaunt and tall,
That move about me sad and slow.

They are the ghosts of bygone days,
Of happy hours with good friends true;
When words were always words of praise
And life had nothing then to rue.

Ah, well! 'tis well for each and all,
The coming years we may not know,
We miss the good, and find the gall
And harvest rue, if rue we sow.

The fitful shadows flicker slow;
The embers die upon the hearth
The wintry wind is sobbing low,
And sadly sighing o'er the earth.

My spirit friends come 'round me now
And whisper low, "the past, is past"
And urge me on until I vow,
That shadows shall not always last.

I stir the fire—pile on more pine,
And look about on stand and chair,
There is a look of love divine
On all things in the fire-flames glare.

No more I see the lonely look
That twilight gave, or darker hour,
But know my soul can overlook
And rise up in its strength and power.

For souls are not of mortal days
Or weary nights of ache and woe,
And time a healing balm displays
When we from earth are called to go.

The ruddy firelight fills the room,
And falls on books and table there;
I'm not alone—there is no gloom,
My friends are here—and I can share

Their glowing words of mind and heart,
Their loving words to help and cheer;
They show to me the better part
And make my future pathway clear.

The fire flames on—my heart's aglow,
With holy zeal to do and dare,
I do not hear the wind moan low,
And if it storm I do not care.

The lesson of the closing year,
Though hard to learn, is all mine now
And I can check the rising tear,
And feel life's throb in cheek and brow.

And with a heart for any fate,
A mind to live serene and calm,
A soul that yet will strive and wait,
And give to others healing balm,

I'll pick life's knotty problems out,
And strive the heart of each to see,
I'll cast away my fear and doubt,
And live my life from earth-care free.

—"*Elizabeth.*"

Lee Morse, Medium.

A Simple but Good Cure for t

Science has proved that it is essary to have the "blues" if the secret of flooding your sys sunshine. It is a very simple and will be scoffed at by the till they try it. Then they wil ardent converts.

When you feel the first m wave of the "blues" coming time for you to carry out imm the following instructions: Pl hands on your abdomen just b navel and press inward as hard ble without causing discomfor draw your hands upward till th the ribs. Keep this up for a five or ten minutes. A magica will take place. Your head wi clearer, the ruffles in your di will subside, your face will wreathed in optimistic smiles in general will take on added ness.

The treatment is not a new was discovered more than a ago by Dr. Christian Wilhelm H a German physician, but it known and practiced by the wo this massage of the abdomen d restore to general circulation of blood accumulated by the po at the expense of the rest of th ism. The portal vein is the vein in the body. It combines vessel several smaller ones com the stomach, the pancreas and bladder and carries the combi of blood into the liver. The flo from that vein is regulated by which orders its contraction or tion. It is declared by Dr. Al San Francisco that if a person the habit of maintaining a position the outflow of blood f vein becomes checked and the b other vital organs become dep of their share of the life-givi Thus the "blues" can be dissip a massage of the abdomen, wh the stored blood again in circ The wearing of a heavily buck around the abdomen is advoc some physicians to keep the mu the abdomen strengthened a blood in the portal vein in circulation.

A cheerful friend is like day.

LIGHT FROM EVERYWHERE

EAST NORTH

WEST SOUTH

This department is conducted to enable Spiritualists and Public Workers to keep in touch with each other and with the work. Send us notices of your engagements or any other items of interest. Officers of societies, send us reports of your meetings, entertainments, what speakers you have, your elections, reports of annual and other business meetings, in fact, everything you would like to know about other societies.

Write reports with typewriter or plainly with pen and ink. Never use a pencil or write on both sides of the paper.

Make items short and to the point. We will adjust them to suit the space we have to use. A weekly notice of your meetings written on a postal card would look well in this column.

Always sign your full name and address to every communication; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith; "correspondent" or "subscriber" gives us no clue to the author. The printed article can be signed that way if you wish it but we must have your name for our own information.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless stamps are enclosed for return postage. If not used they will be retained thirty days and then destroyed. Retain copies of poems as we do not return them if we can not use them.

Suggestions for the improvement of the paper are invited.

All who send matter for publication should take more care in writing, so that the manuscript can be read easily. Write plainly, do not abbreviate words, be careful of the punctuation and use of capitals, avoiding all marks and dashes not needed. And do not write on both sides of the paper; it is inexcusable.

Work in Ohio.

Ashtabula, Ohio, Jan. 19, 1908.

Editor Sunflower:

Believing a new dawn is kissing the eastern skies in behalf of our beloved cause—truth's immortal army, o'er arch, our destiny, as standard bearers, noble and free for the redemptive work. While liberating the individual life of self, we are becoming conscious, more and more, that our full deliverance comes in working to enable all others to gain a realization, in development of soul expression into outward consciousness.

Your correspondent is just taking up her work as state missionary under the auspices of the Ohio State Association of Spiritualists, and would like space in the columns of the Sunflower to call the attention of all lovers of our cause in Ohio to co-operate with us in spreading the beautiful, soul-inspiring messages of immortality, as testimonials are so abundantly given from beyond the change called death. Your chosen missionary in her labors, assisted as she is by a powerful band of spirits, warm with love, zeal and enthusiasm, will be limited or far-reaching for successful work by your co-operation. It requires money to pay rent, advertise meetings and pay traveling expenses. If each one who can will help, if only in small amounts and more if able, and unite with us in good thoughts, forgetting past grievances, if any, putting their shoulders to the wheel we will all have an opportunity to be useful. This is progressive and will yield a hundred fold in this life to bear more improved advantages throughout the endless ages for each and all.

The work is great but many willing hands and loving hearts will make our lives happy and give to an undeveloped people, held in the old theories of superstition and bigotry, a true knowledge of life and its obligation in brotherly and sisterly love, as one great family. Please write and let your wants be known, and all in the power of self and my spirit inspirers will be carried into practical methods. Do not think you are too few in numbers to have a meeting or a series of lectures, followed by spirit messages. It has been the experience of the writer when called to minister in places where people felt that they were alone in their belief, to find numbers who, like themselves, were as breathlessly quiet, thinking they were the only ones. Hold some meetings and learn whom your neighbors and friends are, in their experiences, and scarcely one but has had a phenomenal experience, if supported, would cause them to an open avowal of being known as Spiritualists, and would join in helping to sustain societies. In unity there is success, and no failures when governed by truth.

In good faith,

MARY C. WARD.

Philadelphia Note.

The Rev. G. Tabor Thompson, formerly a Baptist clergyman, officiates at the Temple of the First Association of Spiritualists, founded 1852. Lyceum founded 1864. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Lyceum, 2:30 p. m.

Capt. Francis J. Peffer, President.

F. H. Morrell, Secretary.

THE HUMAN SOUL.

From the realms of endless time
Into future space doth climb
Conscious force, embodied soul,
Seeking yet a higher goal.
How the soul first lived to learn
Of its powers, and how to turn
From the mineral to the man,
Guess the riddle you who can.

You who with great wisdom teach
Of the sands on yonder beach,
Of the stars that shine by night,
Holding power o'er life so tight,
That wherever we may stray,
God's great law did mark the way
For our weary feet to walk,
And no power their sway can balk.

But an overruling love
Shines upon us from above,
Gives to each a conscious life.
Evolution marks the strife
Of the soul's unfolding growth.
How we came, and why so loath
To advance upon our way,
Answer this for us, we pray.

Why did man first learn to dwell
As a magnet in a shell?
As a mineral soul confined,
'Til in the flower its chains untwined?
Why the beast in yonder dell
Gave the flower a place to dwell?
Why has man expressed them all,
In a great magnetic ball?

In the aura of his life,
Colored with the mingled strife,
He is seen to weave about him
Streaks of color pale and dim,
Also those of somber hue,
Red and gold, and heaven's own blue.
Do these rainbow colors tell
How he in the past did dwell?

Do they tell why he must go
To some place he does not know?
Do the atoms of his life,
Mingling in a ceaseless strife,
Building for a higher growth,
Make the soul and body both
One great power of God in man?
Tell me, tell me, you who can.

I have sought to live and grow,
And the truths of life to know.
I would make my life so sweet
That no secret e'er so deep
Hidden in great nature's breast,
Clothed in matter, and so dressed
That the forms walk out in view,
In the way I tell to you.

I did to the Great Life pray,
Tell me, tell me, tell the way
Of the soul; from whence it came,
And how much of life is blame?
How we live and how we know
That to higher life we go?
Still the torture of the thought
That our loved ones are as naught.

And the answer came, so sweet,
Came, my waiting soul to greet,
You are all of God's great life,
Throbbing, pulsing, with the strife
Of the endless universe.
Oh, the light within you, see,
Tiny though that light may be,
It will lead to wisdom's gate.

Would you know from whence you came?
Others seek to know the same.
And the light within doth touch
That great light that holds so much.
Back to nature you must go,
Back to where the seed doth grow,
Back of flower, of tree, of life,
That we call the earthly strife.

Back of all a rainbow riseth,
Hope of promise for all time;
And the magnet of your body
Was drawn from it, line on line.
In the center of the rainbow
Music played for nature's dance,
Music, rhythm, soft and low,
Nothing ever came by chance.

To the harmony of music
Souls filed forth in endless chain.
Love and life was power magnetic,
All go forth, not back again.
But the love that holds together
Earthly lives so sweet and dear
Is the universal Father,
Is electric light so clear.

Thought is but the conscious struggle
To express what each soul knows;
Knowledge gathered from the tangle
As it in separate earth form grows.
Interblended are the forces,
Bound in groups, soul linked to soul,
Yet the law of life so blesses
Each may hold the life of all.

—*Wanda.*

Dictated by Spirit Voice to Mrs. May A. Price, Medium.

Columbus, Ohio.

Editor Sunflower:

It gives me pleasure to find the Sunflower still alive and vigorous. Our Spiritual papers should be well supported. We have the greatest truth of any people on earth.

Through the press and from the platform our message to the world should be clear and strong. Spiritualism has a philosophy that must confound the enemy, and I am much pleased to find men and women in the ranks of Spiritualism in the United States of America who are waking up to this fact.

Since coming to Columbus I have had the pleasure of meeting the executive of the Ohio State Spiritual Association. These worthy workers are laying plans for the extension of the work throughout the state. I also have the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance of my old friend, Mr. G. H. Brooks, who is working under engagement with the Sixth street Church here.

It is gratifying to meet liberal souls, whose sympathies are as broad as humanity, and who are really alive to the importance of our work in spreading the truth.

The west side church is doing a great and good work here. Progress marks its movements.

Last Sunday sixteen good and worthy members were added to the roll. The service was very beautiful. The new members were questioned by the president according to the Ohio State ritual and a flower handed to each as an emblem of our spiritual philosophy. The power of the spirit was manifest.

A new board of officers was elected for the new year, as follows: Rev. H. E. Boerstler, president; Mr. John King, vice-president; Mr. John Brickman, secretary; Mrs. Susanna Harris, treasurer. The trustees are: Mr. William Sebold, Mrs. Groves, Mr. John Cummings, Mrs. Bessie McLean, Mr. A. M. Hess.

I have the honor of being the lecturer for this church during the present month. Mrs. Harris, the treasurer, who has served the society both as lecturer and test medium the greater part of the year, is my co-worker here in her own church. The lines followed here are truly spiritual and uplifting. the forces in Columbus are harmonious and the present indications are favorable for a forward movement.

Yours, in the cause of truth,

WM. STRONG.

Man raised on the wings of imagination leaves the narrow limits of the present, in which mere animality is enclosed, in order to strive on to an unlimited future.—Schiller.

Nature will not have us fret and fume. —Emerson.

Important Notice.

Please, friends, one and all, do not forward any more money until you see by the paper that the money is needed. The grand jury has failed thus far to take any action, so far as we know, and until we know more positively what is to be done, it is my desire that no more funds be forwarded. Words fail me to express to the many friends my appreciation for their kindness in forwarding money, and the many letters of sympathy and appreciation. I appreciate all, and thank one and all, but do not send any more money until you see the notice in the paper that we need the same.

Thanking one and all for their kindness and generosity, I am, as ever, the well wisher of all.

Columbus, O. G. H. BROOKS.

Who has not thought for a moment, sometimes, that it might be better to flow away monotonously like a river, and to compound for its insensibility to happiness, with its insensibility to pain. —Dickens.

A good woman is a wondrous creature, cleaving to the right and good in all change; lovely in her youthful comeliness, lovely all her life long in comeliness of heart.—Alfred Tennyson.

Man was made for conflict, not for rest; in action lies his power.

Camp Cassadaga—Lake Helen.

EDITOR SUNFLOWER:

Sunday, January 12.—A. M. Hubbard of Ludlow, Vt., delivered the afternoon address. He declared Spiritualism both a science and a religion and said it was a fact in nature. It had its phenomena and its philosophy. The phenomena appealed to those of emotional natures, while the philosophy was interwoven with their very lives and became a part of them. He spoke most tenderly of the presence of his arisen mother, and said, why should any one think she should not be here? There's a path of return on every traveled road.

Mr. Hubbard is president of the Queeen City Park Camp Association. It is the only Spiritualist camp in Vermont.

In addition to our usual singing Mr. Ballard, also of Vermont, sang a most beautiful and touching solo, entitled Papa, Come this Way. Mrs. Ballard, a fine pianist, accompanied her husband. A season of silent prayer was a feature of the afternoon service.

Mr. Thatcher of Jamestown, N. Y., was reported somewhat better.

Mrs. J. D. Palmer, who has been very ill, is improving and Mrs. J. D. Bartholomew, who has considered herself much better of her last summer's illness, has suffered a relapse, which, it is hoped, may not prove very serious.

Mrs. Tyler-Moulton, widely known in the North, arrived Saturday. She is accompanied by her daughter, who has been seriously ill, but it is hoped she will soon recover in this genial climate. They came from Columbus, O., and are located in one of Mr. Thatcher's cottages.

W. W. Kelsey, accompanied by his wife, formerly Mrs. M. E. Clark, of Syracuse, N. Y., and well known here from former visits as a fine psychic and great worker, arrived Saturday evening. Mrs. Clark-Kelsey has been for several months the message bearer at Plymouth Church, Rochester, N. Y., and will again take that position next May.

Mrs. Nettie Scott of Douglaston, Long Island, also arrived last Saturday and is staying at The Cassadaga. Mrs. Scott came here last year, a perfect stranger to Spiritualism and the people, but left with favorable ideas toward the former, and as one adopted by the latter. She endeared herself to all in many ways. She was willing to use her talents in that which required much study, or lose her identity in Mrs. Jarley's wax works.

The residents of this little city in the woods were greatly shocked to hear that several who expected to make this place their winter home were in the terrible wreck north of Atlanta, Ga., last week, when five cars went down with the trestle, fortunately into a dried-up river bed. Mrs. H. C. Fogle, daughter of the late Judge Underhill, of Canton, O., accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. A. D. Clark, and her three children, also by two nieces, the Misses Lynch, suffered more or less from the accident, Mrs. Fogle being confined to her bed and her oldest grandson, Henry Clark, badly injured on his scalp, and one ear badly cut. Mr. Rudolph is very seriously injured, injured, having a broken hip and other injuries which will be liable to keep him in bed for months. Mrs. Rudolph, however, escaped without injury.

A. J. Underhill, brother of Mrs. Fogle, hopes his sister and the rest of the injured may come here as soon as able to travel. Their home has been ready for them and their many friends are hoping they may come. They are now in Atlanta.

The ladies of the Auxiliary are busy planning for the functions of the winter.

The roses in "the ladies' rose garden" nod with the breeze and gladden the lookers-on until the "lady of the rose garden" snips them off and they make more beautiful the public parlors and dining rooms, and, best of all, give out their messages of love and beauty. God knew just what the world needed when roses were evolved from Nature's storehouse.

Mr. Joseph Slater's residence at Lake View became very brilliant the other evening, for he has had it fitted up with acetyline gas, with latest style of fixtures, both in the house and on the porches. His house is also fitted up with sanitary plumbing.

Mr. A. Underhill, Mrs. M. E. Clark and Mrs. M. E. Thatcher have had modern plumbing replace the old.

The campers are waking up to the thought that the comforts and conveniences of life do not all belong within city limits. Mr. G. W. McLaughlin, of Buffalo, N. Y., has been kept very busy in this kind of work, and there seems prospects of still more improvements.

C. E. S. TWING,
Camp Scribe.

New light is given us in proportion to our use of that which we possess.

JESUS!

His Character, Life and the Object He Had in View.

IV.

After the temporal kingdom idea came to look dim and distant to the Christian writers there was an evident design to mystify the readers and to not have the real cause of his defeat and death known; or their imagination confused and led them astray, which caused them to write with mixed meanings. At any rate, the education we have received has led us to overlook the real facts in the case.

The unprejudiced will see at a glance, when their attention is called to it, that there was no sudden change in his religious teaching sufficient to cause the sudden change of attitude towards him, from a very popular person to one that nearly all viewed with extreme hatred, from one that the masses wished to crown as their king, as evinced in the great ovation given him when he rode so triumphantly into Jerusalem, to one that they felt such hatred and contempt for that they clamored for his life, as they did at the crucifixion, was not brought about by a trifling occasion. Those who had been his devoted disciples left in great numbers. During this ride his followers did him the obeisance that they would to a beloved king, and the kind of shouts they sent up show that this is what they intended to make him. Matthew says they "cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." "And all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?" "And the multitude said, This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth." Matthew, XXI: 9-10. Mark says, XI: 9-10, "And they that went before and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord." (The kingdom of David spoken of was not a new religion.) Luke is more explicit, and says: "The whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty work that they had seen, saying, Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord." But John leaves no room to doubt as to what they were after. XII: 13. He says the people sent up the shout, "Blessed be the king of Israel." It is no wonder that those who were profiting by the conditions then existing objected. See Luke, XIX: 39. But he was flattered, and encouraged the demonstrations, saying, verse 40: "I tell you, if these should hold their peace the stones would immediately cry out."

It was the zenith of his popularity. He thought the time had come for assuming authority, and he went at it in a way to show his utter impractical unwisdom. He went into the temple and begun to whip out those who were engaged in a perfectly legitimate and useful business; those who were selling beasts and birds for the accommodation of those who came to offer sacrifices. It fixed it so those who came for this purpose from an inconvenient distance were not obliged to take their offerings along with them. It is quite probable that the offerings his parents made in his behalf when he was an infant, and their subsequent offerings in their yearly visits to that place, were bought right there of that class of brokers that he presumed to so unceremoniously chastise.

It is likely there were abuses connected with the traffic, but it is also certain that the business was justified. It grew up because conditions demanded it, and had there not been a real call for it it could not have been successfully established and prosecuted.

It is not likely that Jesus himself believed that the idea was wrong, but he saw no way for him to reform but to abolish first. He had practically no following.

The common people felt it as a blow on them, and instantly resented it. His fanatical zeal to do away with abuses had overreached itself, and those who had been his friends speedily became his enemies.

It is no wonder he was asked where his authority was for his actions. See Matthew, XXI: 23. And it is no wonder he did not attempt to inform them. It is no wonder that after this he felt compelled to hedge when he was piled with questions. Read Matthew, XXII: 17 to 21, where he was asked if it were lawful to give tribute to Caesar. To say it was lawful would be to admit that he was not the rightful sovereign. To say it was not lawful would be to show himself at heart a traitor. So he gave an evasive answer. We can imagine his ignominious discomfiture, his emphatic ejection from the temple, when he made his charge on the money changers, and how it made him feel, in connection with the nearly unanimous hatred his act called down upon his head. This is the key to his weeping over Jerusalem. See Matthew, XXIII: 37, and Luke, XIII: 34. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not." In this connection he made a promise that he did not keep; see verse 35: "Verily, I say unto you, ye shall not see me until the time come when ye shall say, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." He went to Jerusalem again to the Passover, and was betrayed.

About this time he became a literal outcast, a supposed outlaw, and did not dare to go to Jerusalem in the open. Read the first five verses of John, VII chapter. Not only was he afraid to be seen among his own people, but his own brothers did not believe on him, and taunted him, but he kept his eyes constantly on the mark he was aiming for, and went in stealth to Jerusalem to the Passover, though his brothers told him that if he was as smart as he claimed he would naturally be glad to have all know when he was around. See John VII, first ten verses. For further proof that, after the attempted usurpation of Jesus at the temple, he was regarded as an outlaw and hunted as such, read John, XI: 53-54 and 57. From that time forward he was a skulker, but he did not lose entire faith that he would some day reach the throne. He had become so deeply infatuated with the idea that it stuck to him, and his aim was ever towards that supreme object. No adversity could shake him in his faith and purpose. His popularity among the masses had changed to hatred and contempt, and his former devoted disciples had become so scarce that he feared his chosen twelve would turn against him. See John, VI: 66-67. It is likely that his promise to them that they should be sub-rulers under him had its influence in keeping them steadfast. Read Matthew, XIX: 27-28. "When the Son of man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

I am aware that the evangelists so muddled and made self-contradictory their statements concerning the designs of Jesus that we can find plenty of passages to prove that the sovereignty intended by this man was of a purely spiritual nature; but I believe that any one who can follow his life in a truly impartial way will conclude that all such statements and insinuations were after-thoughts, and prompted by the desire to make it appear that his designs were fully accomplished. That Jesus had premonitions of his coming death before it occurred, as many others have had, is not unlikely, and that the party who betrayed him was revealed in a psychic way is probable; but it is also sure that this revelation came late, after he promised the twelve that they should occupy the twelve thrones of the twelve tribes of Israel. The evidence is that Judas was as fully trusted as any till right at the last.

And the evidence is that Judas did not betray with the idea that his master would suffer, but believed that God's purposes would not be foiled; that he would deliver Jesus out of the hands of those who hated him and give him the throne of David.

"Then Judas, which betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I betrayed innocent blood. But they said, What is that to us?" He was so conscience stricken that he threw down the bribe money and went out and hanged himself. Matthew, XXVII: 4-5. It can hardly be called a base betrayal, for Jesus had taught his disciples that he would be protected; that his faith was sufficient to carry him through all apparent dangers. He wanted the money, and he was willing to see the enemies of Jesus discomfited by a saving miracle. To prove that Jesus did not know long ahead that Judas, or any of his disciples, was to betray him, we have only to refer to what I have noted, that the whole twelve disciples, including Judas, were to sit on the earthly thrones that he promised to provide. Jesus had no intention of suffering death by violence, in any form. If he had taught his disciples that he was to meet such a death they would have been prepared for it. Even when they went out after they had eaten their last Passover together it is evident that he had not made it clear to them that he was to be executed, and that the night of his betrayal had come, or they would not have been so sleepy. They knew their master was suffering a great mental depression, and they had no doubt seen him very gloomy at times before; for instance, when he was weeping over Jerusalem, because of the defeat he had received in his effort to suppress traffic in animals for sacrifices.

His first idea was that if an attempt was made to arrest him his disciples would be able to fight off the officers sent, so he told his disciples to arm. See Luke, XXII: 36-38. But when he saw the number of armed people he had to contend with his heart failed him. He told his disciples to not fight; that if they did they would be killed. See Matthew, XXVI: 57. Jesus was not a consistent non-resistant.

SAMUEL BLODGETT.

A Talk on Temperance.

We must do some active temperance work, each in his own way. Good literature should be distributed, discussion of the liquor question should be agitated and we should, individually and collectively, do all in our power to remove the evil conditions prevalent in the land. Temperance work shall and must prosper. The human race, so proudly condsidered to have reached a high plane of civilization, is, in reality, laboring under some of the most blighting illusions that it is possible to conceive of. In matters of dress, food and shelter there are existing evils that yearly bring thousands to untimely graves. And taking a front place in the van of destruction is the monster—strong drink, that demon against whom neither genius nor learning is proof. It is an undying shame that our great and glorious American republic, which has so often stood as the exponent of all that is good and free, should be so encumbered, demoralized and bound by one of the greatest evils that ever afflicted a long-suffering humanity. It is our duty—one and all—to do our best to fight intemperance, which, like some awful vulture, descends and devours the bodies and intellects of some who might otherwise be counted the brightest among us. He who attempts to stay the march of temperance is like one building a house of straw to withstand a cyclone. Temperance will prevail mightily as soon as the scales have fallen from the eyes of those who walk in darkness and take no heed of the light of knowledge, which is ever shedding its broad beams across our path, if we did but wish to see. The still, small voice is no figure of speech, no fable, but an actual thing. In this age the still, small voice of conscience has been drowned by the clamor of the pit.

It is only a question of time when the saloon, with all its attendant misery of suffering and degradation, will be a thing of the past, and something only to be thought of as a relic of a terrible and a brutal age. Do a little to bring light to those who are in the darkness, and do this in a sympathetic way. Each and all of us have our limitations, but it should be the aim of all to do their utmost to crush that traffic which is reaping a golden harvest of dollars from the pockets of the uninstructed poor. No effort for good is lost, and every act, be it good or evil, brings its just recompense.

May the day soon come when the great evil of intemperance shall be lifted from the land.

LEWIS R. HILLIER.

There is No Death.

I believe that the spirits of our loved ones do return to us, to comfort, guide and cheer. I believe that hundreds of well-authenticated instances exist where spirit forms have been seen—in broad light, and in their own likeness. Thousands of instances have occurred where messages have been received from them, and I have no doubt that we are often visited by departed friends, whose presence we vaguely feel, but whom we cannot see or hear.

Since such visitations are only absolute proof of a future life I fail to understand why religious people cry out against a belief in spirit-return. The bible is full of such occurrences, and the universe is the same to-day as it was in those historic times.

That such messages have been received I have no doubt. That I myself have received them I am confident.

Some people are endowed with what might be called a spiritual telephone, just as others have mechanical, musical or mathematical genius. But even as the earthly telephone at times is unreliable, and "Central" does not always make the right connections, so these spiritual wires are not always to be relied upon.

I am confident we are all often surrounded by bands of invisible forces, spirits in various phases of development who are interested in our welfare.

They are God's messengers, sent to cheer and help struggling humanity. Call upon them—believe in them, but believe in your divine self and in the God of Love, and all will be well with you. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Searching for Soul Harmony.

We are all, as individuals, striving for that harmony of soul which gives us pleasure. Each and every mortal on this earth is engaged in the eternal pursuit of happiness. This thought is not new by any means; many have written on the same theme. Observation will prove the truth of my assertion. Every person we meet is doing that which gives them the most pleasure, or they are performing duties as a means to the same end. We work, not because it is always our greatest pleasure, but because it gives us pleasure in the sense of duty well performed, and, besides, it enables us to feel a certain sense of freedom and power that we are paying our way and are therefore numbered with the legitimate salt of the earth.

Some people experience pleasure in working for others. Other people work with the sole aim of making money to spend on their own pleasures. From the highest to the lowest among mankind, all are seeking agreeable sensations. According to the highness of an individual's ideal of happiness are we to judge of his progress in the upward scale of spiritual development. He whose ideals rest mostly on material enjoyment and the gratification of the animal side of his nature has a long and weary road to travel. A person whose ideals rest in the spiritual side of life is often sad and weary, but his way is clearer and more happy as he advances. The sensualist, while enjoying false pleasure, is building a road of thorns over which he must sometime travel backward and pick up the thread of life anew. There must be a law of karma. Sin in any form must be atoned for, or the whole fabric of religious teaching is but an empty dream. Thrice happy are they whose natural proclivities are directed to the sober, industrious and moral side of life.

We pray that the angels will have pity on the deluded sensualist whose mind is befogged with ignorance and whose spiritual vision is darkened with sin. Count yourself blessed if your are numbered with those who are passing down the road of life harmoniously, and do all in your power to uplift the fallen ones whose souls are seething with the fires of intemperance.

True harmony arises from the sober, pure pleasures of life and may all who read this article realize their blessings and thank God for the gift of life. When the way grows dark it is then we miss the light and we never realize our blessings till they have passed away.

LEWIS R. HILLIER.

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